

EDWARD CLODD

BY

JOSEPH McCABE

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EDWARD CLODD



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Richard

EDWARD CLODD

A Memoir

BY

JOSEPH McCABE

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PREFACE

IT has seemed to many friends of the late Edward Clodd that the romance of his career, the quality of his work, and the exceptional charm of his personality make a memoir of him very desirable. Few of the outstanding men of the late Victorian period had quite so interesting a development. One would almost venture to describe his story as a modern version of the legend of Dick Whittington. From a somnolent little town on the east coast he comes, a boy adventurer of fourteen, to the city of London, and he attains, by industry and integrity, a position which he would surely not have exchanged for that of the Lord Mayor. He becomes the intimate friend of an unusually large group of the most distinguished representatives of letters, science, and art, a respected figure in the financial world, an anthropologist of note, a writer whose works appear in a dozen languages. One might call him the last of the merchant adventurers, in the cultural sense, of the nineteenth century : the successor of Bagehot, Avebury, and Laing, "one,"

says Professor Haddon, "of those business men on whom Great Britain may justly pride itself." And the achievement makes all the more attractive reading when we have to follow his development, through all the struggles of the Darwinian age, from the gaunt benches of a rustic Baptist Sunday School to the presidential chair of learned societies and epicurean clubs, yet find him attaining a geniality of life and philosophy that draws rare expressions of esteem from men so diverse in taste and culture as Meredith and Hardy, Gissing and Sir J. G. Frazer, Andrew Lang and Professor Armstrong, Mary Kingsley and Sir Alfred Lyall, Holman-Hunt and Sir F. Pollock.

It is sixteen years since the publication of his *Memories* set our entire press discussing the singular catholicity and high quality of his friendships. The book is still so much read that a biographer must resist the pressing temptation to follow him over that delectable field, but it was a common complaint that the author had too virtuously suppressed the secret of his magic circle, his own personality. The scanty autobiographical introduction left us wondering how an obscure bank-clerk became in a dozen years a welcome guest at the Olympian at-homes of Huxley and Clifford, a friend of Samuel Butler and Sir W. Huggins, and it tempted reputable reviewers to say that his attitude to Christianity,

which was the final stage of ten years of most varied intellectual adventuring, was merely an adolescent reaction from the chilly atmosphere of his youth. Here the evolution of his mind and character in those stirring Victorian years will be patiently traced, and his own position in the group of princes of letters, art and science who foregathered joyfully in his sunny home at Aldeburgh will be justly appreciated.

I must acknowledge the generous help of Mrs. Edward Clodd and the Trustees in assembling the biographical material, the courtesy of many who have lent me letters or contributed their reminiscences, and the generous opening to me of the Clodd collection at Leeds by Mr. J. Alex. Symington.

J.M.

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EDWARD CLODD

CHAPTER I

ADOLESCENCE

To one who loves such wreaths as poets twine,
Large-hearted Clodd, this dalliance with the Nine
A rare and fitful votary at the shrine.

GRANT ALLEN.

EDWARD CLODD was born at Margate on July 1st, 1840. But Margate was only the temporary home of his father, a brig-master who plied his trade along the east coast, and in infancy he was taken to Aldeburgh, to which his parents belonged. On a half-effaced stone near the gate of the grey parish church on the hill you will read that a young brother and sister are buried there, and it is curtly added that with them sleep four other nameless little Clodds ; as if they had fled precipitately from a drab world, or the fine Church folk had tired of their hospitality to the dead of these misguided sectaries of the conventicle below. Clodd was, in a word, the sole survivor of a family of seven children, though the vigour of the stock is attested by his own longevity and that of his parents and grand-

parents. It was a stock blended of seafarers of the coast and farmers of the Suffolk inland country. The earliest impression that lingered in Clodd's memory was the sight of two stout ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, lying at Aldeburgh Bay and his father shaking the hand of Sir John Franklin, who was setting out to meet death in the frozen north.

But of genealogies let others speak. It is more important that the kindly skipper, his father, who had long ridden the grim seas of the east coast in his small two-masted vessel, felt that the stern Baptist creed of his fathers was closest to the facts of life. It may have misled some that in his *Memories* Clodd has high appreciation of his mother and little to say of his father. When the father died in 1888, Clodd wrote in his Diary, which, he imagined, no other eye would ever see :

“ We laid the dear, simple, honest-hearted, child-loving old sailor in Kirkley Cemetery, nigh the coast.”

Within the limits of his creed he was a generous and affectionate man, and he had, if reluctantly, allowed his one boy to turn away from the high ideal of becoming a rural preacher and had helped him in his first stumbles in the dreaded city. The father clung to the end to his Baptist creed, and

it was poor consolation to him to mark his son's progress. Was it a rise or a fall? He had reared Edward on the Bible, Bunyan, and Baxter, and he saw him become the friend of Huxley and the author of a life of Jesus which made chapels weep. If Clodd is more ready to speak of his mother, it is because she followed him, part-way at least, on his mental path. The time came when they could chuckle together over orthodox descriptions of the way in which he was corrupting the world. But we must not suppose that he has on that account exaggerated her vivacity and intelligence. When she died, in 1898, Thomas Hardy wrote to Clodd :

“ I am so very sorry to hear of the death of your mother. I was thinking of her quite lately as being one of the few people who age bodily but not mentally.”

She was a dignified and esteemed figure in the brilliant circle that formed round her son before she died, and she had unqualified joy in all his success.

Yet the world of his boyhood was almost as remote from the wrangles of the age as any spot in England could be. In one of his earliest essays in literature, a life of Crabbe, the Aldeburgh poet, Clodd describes the town, in the eighteenth century, as “ a miserable half-deserted fishing village

Hervey, not Harvey, as it spoiled a poem he treasured :

Two Harveys had a separate wish
To shine in different stations,
So one invented sauce for fish
And one wrote Meditations.
This to good living was allied,
T'other to holy dying ;
One relishes a sole when fried,
And one saves souls from frying.

There were also a few volumes of the *Penny Encyclopædia*, and on these the thirsty young mind fastened, but they were tabu on Sundays. The boy must attend morning and evening service and Sunday School in the afternoon, reading Hervey or Baxter meanwhile. The chapel, a square brick box, is still there, a monument to the early and sturdy Nonconformist disdain of earthly beauty. Clodd says that he soon felt the incongruity of chanting in this poor brick shed how he and his companions were blest above all folk of the earth, while the parish church sat spaciously and prettily on the green hill above them, and everybody who was anybody in the town went there.

In time he passed from the care of the old dame to Aldeburgh Grammar School. Crabbe boasts that Aldeburgh was rich in schools at a time when hardly one person in ten in England

could read, and for its population of fourteen hundred (in Clodd's boyhood) it was well supplied. The schoolroom was the ground floor of the master's house, and it must have been the plan to make a preacher of Edward that moved his father to pay for a private school. There was a public National School, and great were the fights between the rival pupils. Joseph Buck, master of the Grammar School, was conscientious, and he faithfully traced the first lines of Clodd's mental development. He taught his few subjects—geography, grammar, Latin, English and Roman history—firmly and accurately and urged his pupils to love knowledge. There was no science, but one of the prizes won by Clodd ("as a reward for the number of tickets gained during the school year") was Maria Hack's *Lectures at Home*. It is a little treatise on lenses and the eye, and from it Clodd got the idea of making a small telescope, fixing two lenses from the watch-maker's shop in a cardboard tube. He would see a moon or two of Jupiter and marks on the moon's face which his *Penny Encyclopædia* would tell him were mountains and volcanoes. It was his initiation to science. It is impressive to learn also that he and the master joined to take the *Athenæum* weekly.

He praises his master, for he was one of the most loyal of men to any friend or benefactor,

but he in later years sternly criticized education. It is still, he said about 1900, "as bad as can be." Its aim is "the teaching of a crowd of facts, without making clear their relation and hence without incitement to independent thought." It is a familiar criticism and still just, in spite of thirty years of progress. Clodd got his first "incitement to independent thought" in a visit to London at the age of eleven. He had an uncle in London, and his mother took him there to see the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was stimulating enough even for London, for it was the first international exhibition ever held. A vast structure of glass and iron (substantially the Crystal Palace of to-day) was erected in Hyde Park, and Clodd saw fifty thousand people a day at the World's Fair, as it was popularly called. It would be a deep-moving experience, but we will not forget that he was only eleven years old and not follow him too confidently when he says that he there and then resolved to get to London to live.

There were four more years in Aldeburgh, years of grim preparation for the Baptist pulpit and healthy play on the narrow beach before his home. The minister gave him texts and corrected the short sermons he wrote on them. The Sunday School subjects for essays were given out, and on some week-night they met in

the chapel, the minister presiding, to criticise what each had written about the emancipation of slaves or some other question of the time. Clodd clearly began to resent the cruder features of his small dingy world, for he decided in his mind, against the wish of his parents, that he would not be a minister. Carlyle tells us how, about this time, he was persuaded by a country host to attend service in a rural Nonconformist chapel, and he shuddered when he heard the extemporized prayer : " O Lord, Thou hast plenty of treacle up there ; send a stream of it down to us." Another visitor, in the north, heard a Methodist preacher pray : " Make us stripes fit for Thy heavenly table." It is a very serious mistake, as we shall see, to imagine that this is the only form in which Clodd knew religion intimately, but these things caused the first step of his long pilgrimage. He now certainly wanted a more breathable air. The Crimean War came on, and the boys of Aldeburgh, to learn anything about it, assembled daily in the Reading Room to hear the Vicar read out the news from *The Times*. A coach lumbered in from Ipswich, twenty-five miles away, and a sluggish train had brought *The Times* to Ipswich from London. Always London. He must get there.

The opportunity came when he was fourteen years old. He went up by boat, a fortnight's

trip, to see the uncle in London, and one day, greatly daring, he entered an accountant's office in Cornhill and asked for a job. Yes, said the man, if being so raw at clerking, he would serve for six months without any pay. He went to break the terrible news to his uncle : he would be a clerk in London instead of a minister of the Word. He does not describe the struggle, but says simply that the good folk reluctantly consented and promised still to support him. One may assume that he lived for the time in his uncle's house, and I may add that he kept the strict Puritanism of his home for long years afterwards. The only frivolity was that he in time came to visit one or other of the three theatres—the Haymarket, Saddlers Wells, and the Adelphi—generally entering at half-price, half-way through the performance, as was then the custom of people with light pockets. His progress in business is soon told. From the accountant's office in Cornhill he went, for a year or two, to the offices of James Coster & Co., Fountain Court, then, after four years at some other place, he became in 1862 a clerk at the Joint Stock Bank, of which he became secretary in 1872, as a recognition by the Directors of his exceptional ability.

His leisure he used very industriously for self-education. The Birkbeck Institute was his college,

but he haunted all the good libraries and free lecture-halls. Huxley had just at that time set a noble example by announcing free lectures for working men at the Jermyn Street Museum. "I am sick of the dilettante middle class," he wrote, "and mean to try what I can do with these hard-handed fellows who live among facts." Their interest was fresh in those days, and they responded well. Doubtless Clodd was one of the six hundred or so who, after the publication of Darwin's book, crowded the hall to hear Huxley boldly apply the new principle of evolution to man. Richard Proctor and other brilliant lecturers then made science palatable, and Clodd broadened his knowledge of astronomy. In the libraries were the successive works of Carlyle, and *Sartor Resartus* and *Past and Present* deeply stirred the young man ; but did not, he explains, win him to the study of metaphysics, which he disliked all his life. There was poetry, too, which had been lacking in the severe home at Aldeburgh. Fiction, apart from works of such writers as Thackeray, George Meredith, and George Eliot, had curiously little appeal for him. Few novels appear in the stupendous succession of "works read" in his Diary, and there were singularly few in his library.

He had a way of reading, as one finds even in the earliest books of his library, which helps us

to understand how one who had no formal teaching after the age of fifteen came to handle a really broad erudition with mastery and precision. He had, said Professor Armstrong, in the obituary notice of him in *Nature*, "an astounding memory" and was in particular "a critical master of anthropological literature." The reason is that he had not only an exceptionally good memory, but a very painstaking method. He read quickly but purposively. The margins of his books have cross-references, the blank leaves at beginning and end have the best reviews and other helpful documents (cuttings, letters, etc.) pasted on them. He made a serious study first of a substantial review of a book, and he then bought it and read its contents into the prepared frame. From the first he made sacrifices to secure books, though by 1860 there were many good free libraries. In that year the religious world was agitated by the appearance of *Essays and Reviews*, and he pinched a little out of his lunch money every day until he could buy a copy.

Our generation, which finds deans assuring it in the evening papers that "doctrinal Christianity is doomed," can hardly realise the passion that doctrinal controversies lit in that decade. When Clodd reached London in 1855 the struggle chiefly lay between the Broad Church, Low Church, High Church, and Nonconformist

Churches. The Sabbath was as Dickens describes it, as Keats execrates it, and the youth of live mind went to hear the famous preachers. Every church with a sonorous pulpit was crowded to the doors. Just then Thomas Binney, a Congregationalist, was the stout champion of Non-conformity. Clodd went often to the Weigh House Chapel, near London Bridge, to hear Binney, who was rather of the loud-speaker type than eloquent, thunder that the Established Church "damned more souls than it saved." The Gorham case, a few years earlier, had given Binney a chance and a reputation. Other Sundays Clodd went to hear the gentler and more cultivated Congregationalist, Newman Hall, at the Surrey Chapel, plead for friendly relations with the Church of England. He broadened rapidly—I am aware that he himself says "slowly"—and shed his strict Baptist creed in his teens. The Spurgeon type of preacher did not attract him. He heard Frederick D. Maurice, already deposed for heresy, in the Vere St. Chapel ; and in fact he listened to such a variety of doctrines on alternate Sundays that before he was twenty he was a Christian of the broad Congregationalist type.

Meantime the scientific note was preparing to break, with alarming effect, upon this wrangle of divines. Clodd had read more science in

London, but it was the comforting age of Paleyism. He devoured the Bridgewater Treatises and Chalmer's *Astronomical Discourses*. Hence when the *Origin of Species* appeared in 1859 he was not particularly disturbed by reading it. One may find it fortunate that Darwin was still a theist when he wrote the book, for the final sentence disarmed many. No Baptist in England approved of it, however, and Clodd's easy acceptance of it proves that he had by the age of nineteen got beyond his old creed. It was in the next year, when Huxley's deadly retort to Bishop Wilberforce at Oxford went the round of the Press, that Clodd saw the implications. But in a few months appeared *Essays and Reviews*, which brought a shower of hundreds of fiery answers upon the broad Church authors and shook the Churches more violently than Darwin had done. Clodd, as I said, pinched his lunches to purchase it, and Jowett's essay on the inspiration (or non-inspiration) of Scripture obliterated the last trace of his Baptist creed. The Bible was a human document, to be read like any other book. Nine thousand clergymen signed a petition for the prosecution of the heretics, and on appeal to the Privy Council the heretics won.

It was, said Clodd, "good to be alive" in those days. One sensation followed upon another and provided, for a liberal onlooker, the keenest

intellectual satisfaction. The clerical world had not recovered from *Essays and Reviews* when the Colenso case burst upon it, and within a few years Parliament had to pass a Bill altering the form of subscription to the Articles of the Church of England: "to make it possible," said a Member in the House of Commons, "for men to minister at the altars of the Church though they might dissent from some part of her teaching." Next year appeared *Ecce Homo*, which with sweet reasonableness spoke of Jesus as "a young man of promise"; yet such was the fluidity of thought at the time that it was variously attributed to the Archbishop of York, Napoleon III, the Poet Laureate, George Eliot, and the Master of Trinity. And all the time famous orators were addressing vast crowds in London on the question of the abolition of slavery, and Carlyle was shrieking in essay after essay that the whole of modern civilization was drifting toward the pit.

That was the stimulating world of Clodd's adolescence. He was interested above all things in theological issues, and he searchingly investigated every version of the creed that was put before his perplexed generation. The common statement that he passed by reaction from illiterate Baptistism to complete scepticism is as far as possible from the truth. He shed the Baptist eschatology quickly after his arrival in

London, and indeed it had never dominated his mind. But he clung for many years to more liberal forms of Christianity, and he became intimate with some of their leading representatives. He was a prominent member of the Congregationalist body for about twenty years, though he associated also with the Unitarians and sat under Dr. Martineau. In the early seventies his house, we shall see, had gatherings of advanced clerics every week, and he regularly attended their services. When he had travelled beyond the orthodox Congregationalism of Binney and Newman Hall, he went weekly to hear the more radical Mark Wilks and J. Allanson Picton, James Martineau and Charles Voysey. It was not until his fortieth year that he began to abandon his long habit of hearing liberal preachers on Sundays. It is true that Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature* had shaken his belief in personal immortality in 1862, and Tylor's *Primitive Culture* had a few years later given him what he felt to be the clue to the evolution of beliefs. But he remained a convinced Theist for many years afterwards, and he spent hours in discussing liberal forms of religion with men like Professor Estlin Carpenter, Philip Wicksteed, Drummond, Voysey, and Picton. He had an excellent knowledge of every shade of theology.

It has been necessary to trace his real mental

development, but we must not imagine him spending half the day at banking and half at theology. Early fragments that one finds amongst his literary remains suggest that he thoroughly enjoyed the social and entertaining side of the life of the churches with which he associated. One finds him taking part in private theatricals—the title and part are not given—and attending dances, concerts, and debates. In 1863 he reads a paper on “Poetry for the Million” at the Stratford Christian Mutual Improvement Society. In connection with another chapel he takes the negative side in a debate “Whether the Sunday laws ought to be enforced.” His first little book is, in fact, rather surprising after all this ponderous discussion of theologies. His old master, Buck, edited an *Aldeburgh Illustrated Magazine*, and Clodd contributed to it, in 1860, a sketch of the life of Crabbe. Next year he wrote, anonymously, *A Guide to Aldeburgh*, the second paragraph of which runs :

The last time you met Arabella, you engaged to take her to the picnic that should have come off to-day, the picnic Mrs. Lovelunch and her three daughters (all disengaged) are playing the chief part in ; or you, Arabella, were anticipating Charles would accompany you to that open-air *déjeuné* (!), and there and then lead you from

the company to some shady recess, and tell you the old, old story.

How he would hate me to quote this juvenile stuff ! But his friends will recognize, immature, the Clodd of later years. He was not at all soured by his creed or unduly sobered by his long research in theology. A few years later (1865) he wrote for Buck, who seems to have had a press at Aldeburgh, a small biography of Crabbe. It shows the few years' growth in judgment and some experience of lecturing, but its style is still sprightly and picturesque.

Unfortunately his life did not for a time develop as happily as he anticipated. In the year in which he joined the Joint Stock Bank, 1862, as an ordinary clerk, he was emboldened to marry Eliza Garman, a doctor's daughter. Children came, and his salary was not adequate. There were times in the next ten years when he had to pawn his watch to eke out expenditure until the monthly cheque was due. He loathed the idea of borrowing. There were in all eight children of the marriage, though two died young. His favourite boy, Eddie, died in 1869, and year by year there are poignant reminders of the anniversary in his Diary. He knew much suffering, yet he continued to read diligently and frequent the liberal chapels of the metropolis.

His Diary does not begin until some years later, and no letters of these early days survive, but we can sufficiently trace his development both of mind and character. But his very meagre autobiographical sketch ends before the age of thirty, and it will be more interesting to trace from other sources the rather rapid development by which the struggling clerk, one of the thousands who then flitted from chapel to chapel, became a person of some importance in the life of London.

CHAPTER II

THE YEARS OF TRAVAIL

Friend, in whose friendship I am twice well-starred
A debt not time may cancel in your due ;
For was it not your praise that earliest drew
On one obscure that chivalrous regard
Ev'n his who, knowing fame's first steep how hard,
With generous lips no faltering clarion blew,
Bidding men hearken to a lyre by few
Heeded, nor grudge the bay to one more bard.

SIR W. WATSON (to Clodd), *Academy*, Oct., 1891.

ON the lecture-bill and programmes which Clodd, like all who are tremulous at first seeing their names in print, preserved from these early years, we find the "Edward Clodd, Esq." becoming, after 1869, "Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S." Audiences, not knowing how few guineas these decorations cost, are impressed. But the joining of the Royal Astronomical Society at so early a date—relatively to his education—was in this case a sincere and stimulating experience. A colleague at the bank had a star-gazing father, and he told him of Clodd's interest in astronomy. It led to an invitation to visit the private observa-

tory for spectroscopic work which a Mr. William Huggins, already notable in the science, had erected at Tulse Hill. The work, the magical instruments which analysed the fires and recorded the movements of remote stars, and the first contact with a man of scientific genius were the most decisive influence in Clodd's early education. But it further transpired that Huggins, who had once been a shop assistant, had attained distinction without college or university education, and that he was himself a Congregationalist of liberal views. He got Clodd elected a Fellow of the Astronomical Society, and he began to move with awe and docility in a corner of the learned world.

Sir William Huggins is not one of the friends who in later years enlivened Strafford House and the yacht *Lotus*, so I will say here that from a generous patron he became, and remained for forty years, a cordial and appreciative friend. When, in 1910, a new honour was added to the long list of those borne by the Ex-President of the Royal Society and the British Association, Lady Huggins wrote to Clodd :

No congratulations that I have received are more welcome to both of us than those in your letter of yesterday.

The correspondence between the two was the

warmer and more intimate because Huggins thought very highly of Clodd's assistance against a rival school of astronomers. In *Memories* Clodd tells an amusing story of a visit to Sir John Rhys at Oxford and an unnamed third man at table denouncing an anonymous review of his latest book, the review having been written by Clodd. The man in question was Sir Norman Lockyer, whose meteoritic hypothesis of the origin of stars fills Huggins's letters to Clodd with strong language. It was "a disgrace to British science," and so on. Clodd repeatedly criticized it in *Knowledge*. One neat passage in one of Huggins's heavy letters deserves to be preserved. Norman Lockyer had the great advantage in the fight of being editor of *Nature*, the premier scientific weekly, and Huggins writes to Clodd :

An amusing criticism might be made of Lockyer's own observations of the nebular lines ; they mean, if anything, that the earth, mistaking the Editor of *Nature* for the Author of Nature, stood quite still on both nights while the S.K. men (at Lockyer's South Kensington observatory) were at work.

Apart from this, Sir William and Lady Huggins were warm friends, and in the early years they helped greatly to give larger ideas to the struggling bank clerk.

Another scientific friend of these early days was Richard Proctor, editor of *Knowledge* and one of the most brilliant popular exponents of astronomy. Clodd met him at the Astronomical Society's room in 1870, when there was as yet so little distance between them that we find the young amateur offering Proctor the loan of his telescope. It transpired in conversation that Proctor had at one time been a clerk in the Joint Stock Bank : another proof that a man could get somewhere from the business world. They became close friends, and in the eighties Clodd was assistant-editor of *Knowledge* during Proctor's famous lecture tours in America and Australia. Even when Proctor, profoundly shaken by a painful bereavement, became a Catholic and lingered a few years in the Church, they remained very friendly. Clodd says in his obituary notice of Proctor in *Nature* in 1888 that the astronomer wrote him many letters "charged with the zeal of a proselyte" but "the illusion lasted not long."

I run ahead a little in my story because we shall not meet these men in the large group of Clodd's guests at a later date, but from the first these contacts must have had a very marked effect. Clodd would, one assumes, be one of the most modest Juniors at the meetings of the Royal Astronomical Society, but, having such

important sponsors, he was not left to gaze in distant admiration. They introduced him to the Astronomer Royal, Airy, who favoured him with an encouraging nod, and to John Browning, most famous of scientific instrument makers, who entered into a life-long friendship with him. Possibly it was Browning who kindled his interest in the microscope. He bought an instrument and spent many evenings, when the bank work was over, acquiring a real, if very limited, knowledge of biology. He was equipping himself very effectively for the position, which he would later occupy, of popular interpreter of what we might call the synthetic philosophy without Spencer's metaphysic. The science he so charmingly and successfully presents in his earlier works is not merely something that he had read. For many years he, as his opportunities permitted, worked with a telescope and microscope, visited observatories and laboratories, and had the advantage of conversation with masters.

He was still in the Paleyist phase of religious thought, holding that each extension of scientific exploration was a new revelation of God, so that the new knowledge enriched and stimulated his mind without disturbance. The real source of his radical scepticism was the reading of Tylor's *Primitive Culture* in 1871. Its suggestion

that in the bewildering variety of beliefs and practices of the lower peoples we have, when we properly arrange them, the various stages of the formation of man's ideas and institutions fascinated him and gave him the most serious scientific interest of his life. He would presently desert astronomy for anthropology and begin to develop what he regarded as the real implications of this new branch of evolution. For the time he attended the services held by Dr. James Martineau in the little Portland Street Chapel. He had reached, and for some years rested on, "the feather-bed for falling Christians," as more robust folk called Unitarianism. But he was already something more than a docile listener. He had made friends with some of the more advanced preachers of the Congregationalist and Unitarian bodies, even of the Church of England, and he learned from them that it was not at all certain that the stately and symmetrical theism of Martineau was final. Indeed a rather melancholy letter which Dr. Martineau wrote him in 1872 suggests that the high-priest himself was not as confident as one is apt to gather from his clear and fluent writings :

The more I see the mists creeping over my future and the track across it becoming obscured, so much the more consolatory it is to me to have

a feeling that the past has not been entirely in vain. . . . It is a serious trial to me to take leave of duties which have lost none of their interest for me. But other modes of activity remain open to me.

There seems to be here something more than a concern about work and income.

I do not want to give disproportionate space to Clodd's religious development or his views on the subject of religion. His growth was a common enough experience in those stirring days. But the writer of the otherwise generous obituary notice of him in *The Times* probably expressed the quite mistaken idea of very many people when he said that Clodd's Rationalism was merely "his particular reaction from the harsh Calvinism in which he had been brought up"; that it gave him a "hearty and robust bias" but "kept him in the valley," with a narrow horizon. On the contrary, he had shed his Calvinism long before his mind became serious enough to admit it below the surface, and from the age of twenty to forty he was deeply interested in the effort to save at least theism from the advancing tide of science. His slow realization of the failure of the attempt, as he came to believe, was attended by no emotional crisis, and he has never troubled to describe it.

But his earliest works show that he clung earnestly to the belief in God for ten years or more after he had surrendered all other beliefs, and he retained a sincere respect for all forms of religion which did not admit crudities and cruelties. One finds an important naval chaplain writing to him, after the publication of his *Childhood of Religions* : "I am grateful to you, Sir, for the evident reverence you have for true religion." We shall see that his *Childhood of the World* was read to children in a royal palace as well as in the public schools, and that foreign missionaries translated it to help them in the work of converting the heathen.

There is only one fragment of a letter which brings us nearer to him at this date, and it is interesting. It was clearly written in 1871, at the close of the Franco-German war, and it has a shrewd foresight of the long and fatal eagerness for a "war of revenge" which the settlement would entail and the general European development. Incidentally it hints that at this stage Clodd leaned to republicanism, which was much more prevalent in England in the early seventies than it seems to be to-day. He says :

. . . I equally detest the policy of that man of "blood and iron" who really governs Germany. Apart from the fact that the growth of

great empires is not an unmixed good, smaller states being freer and creating more numerous centres of intelligent rivalry, the Germany of the present has grown upon the grave of the true principles of justice and liberty, and that her turn to bite the dust will come I believe as firmly as I hope it. The King of Prussia has lost a splendid opportunity of showing magnanimity, and now this present shameful war, instead of leading to a lasting peace, will create an animosity which a hundred years will not subdue, and I believe we see but the beginnings of great sorrows for Europe, sorrows which will be chronic so long as kingcraft and priestcraft retain their grip on mankind.

One gathers that his sympathies were then with the radical body which held large republican demonstrations in Trafalgar Square in 1870 or 1871 or the more respectable radical movement under Chamberlain and Dilke. But he was much more religious than Joseph Chamberlain was at the time, and he does not seem at any time to have had any sympathy with the Secularist organizations of Bradlaugh and Holyoake.

His first work indeed—to ignore the juvenilities which I have already mentioned—was inspired by a personal religious impulse. He was, in 1873, thirty-three years old, and quite a group

of children gathered round his knees when he relaxed in the evening. Was he to have them educated in what he had come to regard as untruths? He loved children and resented the idea, yet there were in those days no schools without at least Scriptural lessons and no books explaining to children how the Bible must be understood in the light of new knowledge. So he began at nights and during the week-ends to write for children a simple account of the evolution of ideas and beliefs as it was described in anthropology. He called the book *The Childhood of the World* and explained in a sub-title that it was "A simple Account of Man in Early Times." In the preface he explains to parents who may read the book to their children that it tells "the story of man's progress from the unknown time of his early appearance upon the earth to the period with which writers of history ordinarily begin." The first half of the work is an admirably clear and easy talk to children about the life of prehistoric man, as far as it was known in 1873. He had evidently read all the best available literature, and had assimilated the contents so well—it is a characteristic of all his works of vulgarization, in the French phrase—that he almost writes with the ease and precision of the expert; and as no other popular account of pre-historic man was then available, his very

readable and untechnical book was welcomed.

In the second part of the work he carries out his chief purpose, and it is the first expression of the deep interest in anthropology that he maintained throughout life. One would almost say that it obsessed his mind in his later years. The theory of the evolution of man had opened up a new aspect of savage life. The lower peoples were now seen to be fragments of the human family which had wandered at various ages into isolated positions and dropped out of the onward march, so that their ideas, properly arranged and purified of infiltrations, illustrate the successive stages of development of the human mind. It was the application of this principle that led Clodd gradually away from the liberal Unitarians and Congregationalists with whom he associated. For a few years, however, he failed to realize or recognize that, if it were valid, the explanation applied to the belief in God as well as to the belief in incarnation or baptism. The book is thoroughly and sincerely theistic, and it closes with a religious poem of his own composition. He therefore pleased both the experts and the liberal theologians, and he had a surprising welcome in the general public. Max Müller, who was still a monumental figure in the scientific world, gratified him with this testimonial :

A book like yours will prepare far better soil in the child's mind, and I was delighted to have it read to my children.

Tylor reviewed it in *Nature* and said of it :

Mr. Clodd has thought out his philosophy of life and used the best skill to bring it into the range of a child's mind.

Proctor wrote him that the book had "only one serious fault—there is not enough of it." "You invest the subject," he says again, "with a poetry and interest which I have not found hitherto." Professor Rhys Davids, an expert and severe judge, warmly praised the book and became a life-long friend. Even the *Lancet* assured medical men who wanted to educate their children soundly that "this is just the little book for their purpose."

Under such high auspices the success of the book was assured. Four large editions were sold in a year or two, and in six years twenty thousand copies were issued. A firm of educational publishers begged permission to include parts of it in their Reading Books for use in the public schools. It was embossed for the blind, and it was in the course of the next few years translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, and Finnish. Letters with strange postage stamps

began to arrive at the modest home in Tufnell Park. An African missionary found it so far from being anti-religious that he, with happy permission, translated most of it into Becowana and Secwana. Possibly the most gratifying letter was one from a clergyman telling him that the Prince of Wales "greatly liked it and had it read to the Royal children." It is, surely, a new light on Edward VII.

The unexpected recognition and the financial profit, following closely upon Clodd's appointment, in 1872, as secretary of the Joint Stock Bank, greatly improved his position. Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S., appears much on lecture programmes in the next few years. One finds him lecturing, generally on astronomy or on primitive man, in connection with a number of liberal chapels. In 1874 he is chairman at the annual breakfast of the Sunday Schools Association. In the following year he is Vice-President of the London National Society for Women Suffrage ; which must have required some courage. *Frazer's* and other magazines asked for articles, and he had that welcome symptom of prosperity, that publishers asked for "something further from his pen."

He expanded the second part of the book into his *Childhood of Religions* (1875). It is still decidedly theistic and sympathetically regards all religions, cruel features apart, as natural and

helpful developments. Dr. Martineau wrote him that "nothing could be more acceptable" than his book. It explains to the child that the stories of Genesis, the legends of savages, the doctrines of early civilized religions, and fairy tales—it is his first excursion into folk-lore—are all very natural and on the whole innocent guesses of the meaning of nature and man, to be treated respectfully because people had not then the knowledge that we have. "We can afford to be generous to the past" is the principle of the book. One might call it the life-long rule in treating of religion, for his strong language of his later years was expended only on men who, he considered, tried to impose savage beliefs on the modern mind. Writers who speak of the aggressiveness and sourness as a reaction from Calvinism ought to read the book. Fifteen years after he had quitted the Baptist Church he was writing thus :

As knowledge of God, which comes from the study of man and his dwelling place, the world, grows from more to more, sunnier views of Him make glad the heart, chasing away the false ideas of Him that frightened poor timid souls; that made even strong men shake and bring their noble powers, tied and bound, before the grim Being they were taught to fear.

And there is a warm ethical note throughout.

It gratified him particularly that the literary quality was praised. The *Academy*, which claimed to be a fastidious judge, generously reported that "the style is charming." It was, at all events, something new in anthropological literature, and it disarmed many who might otherwise be hostile. The orthodox *British Quarterly* said that "nothing better could be put into the hands of children." The *Christian World* strongly recommended it, observing that "the style is exquisite." It reached an eleventh edition. But it is the last work of his that found favour with any but the most advanced Christians. His theism gives a real fervour to this work of the year 1875, but in his *Jesus of Nazareth*, which appeared five years later, there is, apart from the sayings of Jesus, only one rather furtive reference to God. During those five years his theism was painlessly removed. From groups of clerical friends he passed more and more to groups of Agnostic friends, and it would lead him to reflect more critically on his residual creed. By 1875 he used to go to the stimulating Sunday afternoon talks at Professor W. K. Clifford's house and listen to the bold language of Huxley, Romanes, Clifford, Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. From lectures in church-halls he passed more to South Place Chapel, which had virtually ceased

to be a chapel, and to the Sunday Lecture Society, which—I knew some of its founders like Domville and Wild—was far from ecclesiastical in its real aim. His friends found him slowly drifting from the old mooring.

That he moved very deliberately and with a knowledge of deep religious issues that was exceptional in a layman we can gather from the facts noted in his *Diary*, which begins on January 1st, 1876, and gives the day's events almost uninterruptedly for half a century. In 1876, we see, he was still regarded as an important member of the liberal religious movement. Nearly every Sunday a group of "advanced" parsons gathers at his new house, "Rosemont," in Tufnell Park. Moncure Conway, who had already much more distinguished friends, was often there and speaks warmly in his *Autobiography* of "those evenings at Rosemont." Conway had left the Unitarian body, but most of the others still precariously kept their frocks. Charles Voysey, the apostle of pure theism, had met Clodd at the bank five years earlier, as he was a friend of the manager. Then there were Mark Wilks, a Congregationalist rebel preacher, the grave and learned Allanson Picton, who had exchanged the pulpit for the School Board, and the Rev. Charles Anderson, the very unconventional vicar of St. John's, Limehouse, where Clodd first met George Gissing

(who, when asked for his address, said pathetically, "I haven't one"). Anderson used to take Clodd to the C.C.C. (Curate's Clerical Club—though they were nearly all vicars), a very Broad Church debating centre, where he met the future historian, J. R. Green. On week evenings lay friends of interest or note began to drop in : Professor Rhys Davids, Professor Foster, Bates (the famous traveller and naturalist), William Simpson (greatest of war-artists), and others.

But there was a more important group, which Clodd does not mention in *Memories*. Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, perhaps the ablest of the Unitarian scholars, was a close friend, and at his house Clodd conversed with or listened to many eminent religious thinkers. One day he notes that he has met there Professor Tiele (the great Dutch authority on comparative religion), Dr. Martineau, Philip Wicksteed, Drummond (author of the *Ascent of Man*), and (later Dean) Cheyne (co-editor of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*). No man who moved in that world for a number of years, practically from the age of thirty to the age of forty, can be lightly dismissed as one whose rejection of theology is due to his ignorance of its finer forms and representatives. What his final attitude was we will see later, and we need not go further with his mental development.

By 1880 he was convinced that the idea of God was a futile attempt, inherited from earlier ages, to explain the mysteries of existence, and from Huxley he learned that the proper attitude was to recognize the insolubility of those mysteries, or Agnosticism.

In spite of the prestige he had won and the honouring friendships of distinguished men, these were still years of travail. The hard life of the preceding ten years had left deep marks. He suffered much from neuralgia and insomnia and was constantly under the doctor. "Very weary and not well," he writes at times. The doctor ordered him to refrain from reading in the evening when the bank work—and one could hardly be secretary of an important city bank at his age without heavy work—was over, but he was too eager to master the great works which seemed familiar to his more learned friends. In this year, in which he was forbidden to read, the list of "books read" in his Diary includes the very large and exacting works of Gibbon, Motley, Milner, Buckle, Lyell, Spencer, Lecky and Haeckel. He also did professional work at home in the evenings to eke out his income. He wanted books and travel—he contrived a trip to Norway—and good education for his children. He notes that one day he visited his dentist on the way to the city, worked for ten hours at the

bank, and then spent two and a half hours over private auditing. On Sundays he still went to hear Voysey, Picton or Conway, or spoke for them ; and on week nights he heard Tyndall, Proctor, Huxley, Ruskin, or some other great lecturer of the day. Yet he never fails to note how he played for an hour with the children, or read to them, or entertained them with his microscope or telescope.

Those of us who knew only the Clodd of later years and liked to conceive him as the good Epicurean (in the sound sense of the word) were too apt to imagine that the pleasant rotundity of mind and person was the natural consequence of a whole life of easy duties, conviviality and leisurely reading. On the contrary he had slowly distilled his philosophy of life from labour and suffering. In spite of broken health and other trials he frequently worked ten hours a day at his business, to which he was scrupulously attentive, and he then, just as conscientiously, read the large authoritative works on the subjects that interested him instead of being content with simple accounts or encyclopædia articles. One saw him reading Gibbon and Merivale on his way to and from the city. He might, owing to the success of his last book, have made many more guineas by journalistic or magazine work, but he declined. One of his earliest extant letters is to Benjamin

Harrison of Ightham, the discoverer of the eoliths, who seems to have asked Clodd to help with his pen. Clodd replied :

I occasionally, but very rarely, contribute to periodical literature, my leisure, which is very limited, being given to literary work. In fact, since January last, when I contributed a review of the *Unseen Universe* to *Frazer's Magazine*, I have written for no serial.

He later went to Ightham, accepted the artificial origin of the eoliths, and was friendly with Harrison for forty years.

His life in his thirties was, in fact, overcrowded with interests and too little relieved by gaiety or happiness. He still very rarely speaks of visiting a theatre or hearing a concert, and he takes little interest in fiction. I should say that it was travellers like Simpson and Bates and their stories that gradually gave him a brighter outlook on life. Bates lived only a few doors away from him in Tufnell Park, and they became very close friends. Travellers gathered there, and Bates soberly told in a thick smoky atmosphere of the wonders of tropical South America, Paul du Chaillu (in part of African blood) graphically described his gorilla-hunts in Central Africa, and Joseph Thomson and William Simpson had stories of all parts of the earth. Clodd used to

slip round after Bates' supper and listen to the stimulating talk. From 1876 onward he very frequently spent his summer holiday on the Continent—Finland, Norway, Italy, etc.—or went as far as Algiers or Egypt. The other mellowing influence was club-life. Most of the men he had met to 1876 were elderly and grave men who discussed theology or science with terrible earnestness.

There must have been still something of the Calvinist, ethically, about him in his thirty-sixth year. Cards and novels are never mentioned in his ample Diary, and the theatre rarely. In 1877 he entered the more genial atmosphere of clubland, for which he was richly fitted. In saying that there was something Calvinistic about his life I should add that he had warm human emotions. His Diary references to his children show this even more clearly than his literary style. In May, 1876, he notes that it is the anniversary of the death of "my darling Eddie," and he visits the grave at Edmonton, as he did every year until he left London forty years later. "I wish he were still with us," he wistfully writes. Heavy work, excess of study, and a seriousness of interests and friends had restrained this element of his nature, and his new experiences were to encourage it and make the Clodd who has, as far as my experience and reading go, drawn from

friends a larger and more enthusiastic bouquet of personal tributes than any other man of the time. There was nothing of the "Let us eat and drink and be merry for to-morrow we die" in this development of his character. He had, it is true, by this time ceased to believe in the immortality of the mind, but he was one of the many who found, when a change became necessary, that his sober standard of life was really based upon experience and taste rather than creeds. Hitherto that standard had been too sober. He was now to mix with men who were as high in character as Wilks and Picton, but who discussed life gaily in an atmosphere of tobacco and spirits.

He described in *Memories* the first club to which he belonged, the Century, one of the centres in which the cultivated rebels against tradition and convention eased their feelings. It met after dinner, on Sundays and Wednesdays, in an upper room at 6, Pall Mall Place. Along one side of the room was a large table strewn with long clay pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, whisky, brandy, and mineral waters. Your guinea a year paid for these luxuries. Books and newspapers, cards and dice, were not permitted to enter the room. You must talk; and the talk was worth-while when the members included Walter Bagehot, W. K. Clifford, Samuel Butler, Henry Fawcett, David Masson, Admiral Maxse, Goldwin Smith,

Leslie and Fitzjames Stephen, John Tyndall, and Sir E. B. Tylor. Clifford and Tylor gave pledge that Clodd was a talker worthy of the high company, and he became a member. All were heretics, most of them Agnostics. From that date the old Unitarian and Congregationalist conferences fade out of the Diary. Church-going sadly degenerates.

The quaintest yet most interesting talker of them all was Samuel Butler, the paradoxical opponent of Darwin and most caustic critic of Darwin's other opponents. One Sunday night he and Clodd arrived some time before the others, and the younger man heard strange views of life and men. Butler was, it is true, only five years older than Clodd, but he was far more mature. He liked Clodd and often visited Rosemont, though Clodd never accepted his mysticism. It was consistent with the very broadest views and great freedom of expression. He tells Clodd in one letter that he is "thinking of writing an article on the supreme happiness of having no breeches." His conversation came with alarming freshness to one who had chiefly discussed life with clergymen for the last ten years.

Another change, which turned out to be advantageous, was that he passed from the study of astronomy to that of anthropology. On February 11th, 1898, he notes :

Sent the Council resignation of my Fellowship of the Royal Astronomical Society, as I find it no advantage whatever, since my time has to be given as much as possible to anthropology and cognate subjects. I shall send my subscription to the Folklore Society instead.

It was fortunate because in astronomy he would never have been more than a populariser, owing to the need of costly apparatus and an observatory, and with Proctor at work there was no need of popularisers. The new study gave a better chance of original work. But it was probably the closeness of it to actual life that attracted Clodd. He began to find a new interest in old Suffolk memories, to give a new and fascinating meaning to the familiar phrase that the Old Adam still lives very vigorously in us. How this interest grew and branched until it in a sense dominated his mind as Calvinism had never done we shall see in a later chapter.

New friends, new contacts with masters of science, came with the transfer, yet he still had days of depression. On the last day of 1878 he writes :

To business till 10.30 and to bed on reaching home, not caring to see the old year out which has such sad reminiscences for millions beyond other years.

Next year he wrote his *Jesus of Nazareth*, which had a most heartening success, and at his fortieth birthday, in 1880, he confided to his Diary :

My fortieth birthday. I didn't expect years ago to be alive now, never feeling like a man destined for long life, nor could I have dreamt, as I played on the Aldeburgh beach, that I should have attained the position I hold and secured the friendships I enjoy from that position and my writings. I am indeed truly thankful.

It is almost the first time that he omits to say "thankful to God." If, in fact, I were cynically disposed or malicious I would tell how, after concluding his *Jesus of Nazareth*, he sold off, as he notes in the Diary, the theological section of his library, and his spirits gradually rose to the exalted note of the fortieth birthday. But the ingredients of his new mood were simply better health, new friendships, and especially the remarkable literary success of his book.

CHAPTER III

INTO A LARGER WORLD

The Buddha, with head like the crown
Of an infant or pea in a pod,
Immersed in the study held brown,
Uprises at length in a start
Nirvana rejects from his heart—
I'd rather be Clodd.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

CLODD'S *Life of Christ* is neither a large nor an original nor a very scholarly work. He had never been in Syria, and the book has neither the rich colour nor the comprehensive culture of Renan's work, which had appeared in English long before. In the Diary, Clodd lets us see that it was the reading of Renan in 1878 that moved him to plan his own work and, though he read much other literature, he chiefly follows Renan. What audience he had in view is not clear. His sceptical friends had the more substantial work of Renan and were, indeed, little interested in the subject, while they—or most of them—would

be as much alienated as the Christian public by the motto of the book, from Tennyson :

Thou seemest human and divine
The highest, holiest manhood thine.

But the plan of the work gives us some idea of his intention. The first third of it is occupied with the moral and religious history of the Hebrews, as reconstructed by the Biblical critics, and we begin to see that it is an outcome of Clodd's new anthropological interest. It is not a life of Jesus, but a scientific study of the evolution of the traditional belief about him. "Science does not attack, it explains," had become Clodd's motto. He set out to explain the central doctrine of the Churches, and, as he used conventional language—with which he then thoroughly agreed—about the sublimity of the person and the teaching of Jesus and the influence of Christianity, he trusted to reach large numbers of the waverers of that very wavering age.

There is no need here to analyse or describe the book. It is a rather uncritical repetition of the Gospel story with the miracles omitted because they are impossible and nearly everything else included because it is possible. Clodd is impatient of the discussion of the dates and biographical authenticity of the Gospels, though he recognizes the uncertainty. He says :

All we can hope for, as we read the obscure phrases and varying statements of these ancient Gospels, is to gather some idea of the enduring power of a man whose influence for good in this world cannot well be overrated.

But while the work is not in itself important, and many of Clodd's friends, not appreciating its real purpose, thought it too conventional, the general reception of it was an important influence in Clodd's development. Except Voysey, and George Lewes, who censured it as uncritical, his old friends thought it, as Estlin Carpenter wrote him, "quite charming." The periodicals of their school of thought were equally flattering. The *Inquirer* recommended it as "one of the best of the kind in the English language." But he had passed out of that school and was merely gratified to please old friends.

One effect of it was to lead to friendliness with Huxley, whom he had met at Professor Clifford's. Huxley had doubtless regarded him as a promising young man to whom one should be courteously encouraging, but he liked the new book. He wrote to Clodd :

It is the book I have been longing to see : in spirit, matter, and form it appears to me to be exactly what people like myself have long been wanting.

Huxley, it may be recalled, insisted, like Clodd, on the use of the Bible. As he told Clodd, he was impatient with his friends who wanted to "throw away the baby with the bath-water." One can quite believe him sincere, especially as he had up to that time given little attention to history. The result was that Clodd received a general invitation to come when he liked to the "tall tea" on Sunday evenings at Marlborough Place. He made liberal use of it. "It was worth being born to have known Huxley," he says. Probably no man had more influence on his ways of life at the time. He learned to work and fight with humour and comfort as well as sincerity. The playful family meals, with a few choice friends, were followed by inspiring talk in the smoke-room, where giants wrestled.

George Meredith's tribute to the book, "I was impressed by the fairness and ability of it," belongs to a later year. When a cheap edition appeared with a photograph of the author on the cover, Meredith did not fail to remark that he was much puzzled by the portrait of Jesus. Professor York Powell found it "reverent but uncompromisingly truthful"; and he was the least conventional of men. In short, it was generally successful both with critical friends and the public, but it marked Clodd in the Press as an heresiarch. Ever afterwards he was apt

to be referred to as an aggressive sceptic, an enemy of Christianity, and so on. Some of the writers who lightly or bitterly (as Harold Begbie did) reproduced these phrases, had clearly no acquaintance with Clodd's work. The *Jesus of Nazareth* is the only work of his that can be called anti-Christian in any sense, and it might be written by Sir Oliver Lodge or any of our Modernists. Clodd, as a critic of religious traditions, held a very moderate position. He once asked Grant Allen to write for the Rationalist Press Association, and when Allen said that he preferred to spread doubt by "slow half-truths," Clodd replied that, though he also deprecated "the aggressive mood" and would respect religion, the truth was that "no battle for a great cause was ever won without hurting the feelings of many."

An amusing sequel of the publication of his book was a correspondence with John Ruskin. He had sent a copy of the book to Ruskin—he always distributed quite a large number of copies of his books—and he received a most acrid reply. Sir E. T. Cook, who deals with Ruskin's elusive religious opinions just at this date, finds it prudent to ignore the correspondence. Ruskin's three letters to Clodd, which are pasted in books in the Leeds collection, presented by Lord Brotherton to the University, would be deeply

interesting reading if they were reproduced in their entirety. They read exactly as if they were nervous screeds from some middle-aged spinster, living in a rural vicarage, who had, by error, received a copy of Clodd's book. In the first letter Ruskin said that the book was to him "like a dose of arsenic." The reading of it, he said, "gave me much more pain and caused me more deadly discouragement than any other book I had yet opened." He admitted that his "anger" was "a strange phenomenon," as Clodd had clearly intended no offence, and he promised to explain if Clodd wished.

He did not attempt the explanation in the next two letters. It is, he repeated, "the most impudent book I have ever opened," Clodd was hurt and puzzled, for he had given Christ and Christianity every superlative compliment short of divinity, and he pressed Ruskin. It appears that Ruskin became so excited that his secretary was told by his friends to request Clodd to withdraw his third letter. Collingwood tells Clodd, in this letter, that Ruskin has already been twice on the verge of religious mania, and that in his present poor health the excitement is very hurtful to him. One does not gather from Sir E. T. Cook's biography that Ruskin was ill at the time (1880), and Ruskin's own statement that he was "a Catholic-Christian in the wide eternal sense"

—which means that he was not one—throws no light on his agitation. The letters are quite incredible on the part of the author of the virile introduction to *The Crown of Wild Olive*. The only explanation is that Clodd happened to approach him in one of his periods of grave mental perturbation. Cotter Morison read the letters and said that Ruskin was “an insolent capon.” “According to what Holman-Hunt told me,” says Clodd, “the noun was misplaced.”

In one letter Ruskin said : “How do you ever get on with Holman-Hunt ? I thought he was more of a bigot than I am.” Clodd, in fact, had only recently made the acquaintance of Holman-Hunt. Sir Robert Pearce, a relative of Clodd, had introduced them. Clodd particularly liked men of distinction who had had no University education, and Hunt had begun work as an office boy. They were very cordial friends for thirty years, as will be seen when I fill in the blanks, later, of Holman-Hunt’s letters which Clodd gives in *Memories*. A large palette of the artist hangs on the wall of the dining-room at Strafford House. As early as 1880 Holman-Hunt used to visit Clodd in his house at Tufnell Park and to entertain him in turn. But, to return to Ruskin’s question, the painter of “The Light of the World” and “Christ, the

Carpenter " was not a whit disturbed by Clodd's *Jesus of Nazareth* or any other of his books. He sometimes politely and naively wonders how Clodd comes to have his opinions, but he had too fine and modest a character to resent them, and he had a very high regard for Clodd personally.

At Huxley's Clodd met also Alma Tadema, with whom he was not much more than acquainted, and the Hon. John Collier, who became a life-long friend. His Diary in the early part of 1880, in fact, blushes with great names : which explains his very proper self-congratulations at his fortieth birthday in the summer. He met (Sir) Leslie Stephen and (Sir) Frederic Pollock at Huxley's, and the latter especially became a warm personal friend. At one of Mrs. Frederic Pollock's at-homes he met Renan and was introduced as a " rival " ; but neither spoke the other's language well, and Renan would be very feebly interested. With the Cliffords he was now on such easy terms that Mrs. Clifford's children often came to Rosemont to play with the young Clodds. By this time also Mrs. Lynn Lynton was a warm—in fact, an enthusiastic—friend, and at her house he met new and lively groups of rebels. She took him round Rome in the summer of 1880. Sir E. B. Tylor remained in touch with him and in 1880 drew

his attention to a tract issued by the Catholic Truth Society entitled, "A Caution against the Educational Writings of Edward Clodd." The author, "Catholicus," has learned that the *Childhood of Religions* is used in some schools and he is going to "sweep this refuse of the workshops of German scepticism out of English schools." Clodd read it to his mother, who was now broad enough to laugh.

In the following year Clodd was appointed to the committee of the Folk-Lore Society, and he became a member of the Savile Club. He met, and attached, Ray Lankester, Violet Paget, Edmund Gosse, and other new friends. We, in fact, find him fairly launched on public life and the social life of London in 1882. At the beginning of the year he has Grant Allen, Grant Richards, Richard Proctor, Professor Carey Foster, Dr. Morris, and Professor Rhys Davids to a dinner at his house in Tufnell Park. He goes often to Ashton Dilke's, where he meets the editors of the *Athenæum* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He dines at the Holman-Hunt's (who, he notes, confide to him that they both believe in a future life, but the evidence cannot be communicated to a third person) and at Herkomer's. Other groups he meets at Richard Proctor's or at Sir Frederic Pollock's. He has a merry evening at the Hon. John Collier's with the Huxleys and

Pollocks. He says in *Memories* that he met the Positivist, Cotter Morison, in 1887 at the Savile, but I see that he met him in 1882, and Morison introduced him to one of the friends he most heartily enjoyed, Professor York Powell, and to George Meredith (in 1884). In short, not to make a catalogue, he met also in the course of the year, such varied types as Karl Blind, Professor Blackie, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Professor Sully, and many others. We understand the pride with which he notes their names from day to day and at the close of one of these Diaries writes : " So ends a year in which the bright days very far outnumbered the grey days."

Partly through the influence of Cotter Morison, to whom he was very much attached, and partly from his conviction that something which he called religion was indispensable, he had for a time, in the eighties, the inclination to adopt Positivism. His Diary clearly shows this. Doubtless Huxley's malicious hits at this " Catholicism minus Christianity " held him in check, but I fancy that the raillery of George Meredith, whom he met at Cotter Morison's, had deeper effect. His inclination finally vanished when, in 1888, Cotter Morison, who had published his most aggressive work, *The Service of Man*, in the previous years was buried with full Christian honours. At the close of the ceremony George

Meredith took Clodd to the Garrick Club and discoursed caustically and blasphemously on the business. Clodd had after this no affiliation, as the Americans say. The rumour of his boldness reached even Aldeburgh. In 1884 he attended a municipal meeting there, in the ancient Moot House, and when he spoke, one of the audience pointedly asked whether he now belonged to Church or to Chapel. He declined to reply.

I crowd the page with memorable names—and for the next year or two may add Flinders Petrie, Scott Keltie, Professor A. Keane, Thiselton-Dyer, Sir Brian Donkin, Max O'Rell, Professor Haddon, Walter Besant, Rider Haggard, Sir J. Barrie, etc., with all of whom he became very friendly—solely to illustrate, from the world in which he moved, the development of the Clodd who was known to many of us at a later date. In a later chapter we will consider what has repeatedly been called his genius for friendship and the many intimacies with men of genius or high ability which enriched his life. But I would observe here, what both his Diary and his letters show, that this almost sudden admission of a young man of business into the highest cultured circles of the metropolis was not brought about by any efforts on his part, and it in no way altered the pleasantness of his character. His mother was at this date the chief receiver of his confi-

dences. He writes her from Norway in 1876, from the Engadine in 1879, from Italy in 1880. One need not reproduce all his chatty impressions and fresh enthusiasms. Here is a sample from Florence in 1880 :

I have never yet had a holiday abroad so crowded with sight of grand scenery and unique treasures of art as the present. No one can conceive the beauty of the shores of the Mediterranean, the grandeur of coast line and the fertility of the land down to the water's edge, the air laden with fragrance wafted from lemon trees, the soil seeming as if it couldn't yield fruit for man and beast fast enough. Rome . . . interested me intensely. It is by no means a beautiful or very striking city (in 1880) . . . but the interest of Rome centres in its unique history and in such relics of the past as remain.

More interesting and revealing is a fragment of a letter which he seems to have written about this time from Tufnell Park to his mother at Aldeburgh :

. . . they make me very grateful in the surroundings which encourage and bless your health and mine, and in quiet enjoyment we can pursue our purposes in life. The blessed gifts of friends and those ever-chiding, ever-reminding books by which we can hold converse with the wise and

good, remain the most cherished comforts of earth and endow us with calm amid its distractions and quiet amid its confusions. I thought last night, as Edith sat quietly looking at men like Wilks, (Rhys) Davids, Conway, Holman-Hunt and others who have made name and fame for themselves, and while Ernest and Amy listened to the genial talk, that few greater joys can come to their young lives than to inhale the bracing atmosphere which there surrounds them. But I must give over, only, having an hour's quiet, I very gladly send a longer letter than I usually have time to write.

Warmest love to all,

Your affectionate son,

EDWARD CLODD.

He complains mildly that he cannot get an increase of salary : " But, as the Spanish proverb says, ' If we don't get what we like, we must like what we get,' and I am no grumbler." He will not wish her " what the unthinking call ' a merry Christmas,' " for the sad experiences of so many make it a mockery. His birthday letter to her in 1887 also survives :

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Some things gain by repetition, when they are fortified by life experience, and the more so as the chance of repeating them passes. Among

these are the birthday greetings which I rejoice to be able to send to you once more, and with them my hope that, although you now stand midway between the seventies and eighties, you may be spared to receive more. Your life has been overcast by many shadows, but the light which they denote has never been obscured. You can say that goodness and mercy have followed you, and that you dare not call the days evil. Life has brought you, as the years come, many new interests and demands, to which your eager, active, and large-hearted nature has responded with zeal, and I know that when you cease to labour you will, like all earnest natures, practically cease to live. When I think of the now long years that have separated us in time and space, I rejoice to think how the bonds of the spirit have kept us close together. Your loving care to do the best for me in boyhood laid the foundations of life's superstructure, and the debt which I owe you can only be an obligation to deeper affection and demand, as far as lies in my power, every care for you in the years that may yet remain. I send herewith a little book about Carlyle which gives a very sympathetic picture of him and which, I am sure, you will read with interest. . . .

Dearest love to you and father,

Ever your loving son,

EDWARD CLODD.

When we recall the world in which he moved in London at this time, we see, as I said, the better type of Calvinist mellowing into the best type of Epicurean. Ascetic moods still lingered. The theatre enters the Diary very rarely. One day he notes that he has been to the Empire, "a thing worth seeing once," he says. About the same time someone persuaded him to read Casanova. He closes the book in the middle and sends it back. "The book repels like Zola," he notes (in his private Diary); "it does not make vice attractive." The editor of the *Cosmopolitan* wants a sketch of his "life" for publication, his new book, *The Story of Creation*, having made a stir. "I am inclined to reply by taking his," he notes. He still works long hours and thoroughly masters banking. After his death the obituary in the *Financial Times* said :

Clodd was a thoroughly good banker and knew far more than people who never met him professionally suspected of the principles and traditions on which Lombard Street operates.

In a letter to a cousin in 1887 he complains that his "heavy work has begun in earnest" and "leisure has diminished to a vanishing point." And he has to serve on the Special Jury; and Lucy Clifford and Mrs. Lynn Linton and Violet Paget and others are in town and "each

and all make big holes in my week evenings and Sundays."

From long letters to this cousin we get pleasant expansions of the crabbed notes of his Diary. In the summer of 1887 he tells her that he has just met George Meredith, the only comment on which in the Diary is that he found Meredith "a good-humoured gentle-looking man." Cotter Morison, "one of my few dearest friends," had asked him to meet Meredith and Romanes at dinner. He writes to his cousin :

I was agreeably surprised to find him very chatty, more coherent and less fantastic than in his novels. Happily I struck a responding chord in saying that I assessed his poem "Earth and Man" as the highest in worth in the new volume of his verse, and this because of the poetic form in which is presented the story of man's interpretation of, and struggle over, nature. He himself thinks it the best in the book. . . . I think he'll join my Whitsuntide party one year, and if so, we will get nearer to the understanding of no commonplace mind.

It appears that these Whitsuntide parties at Aldeburgh, which I describe later, had begun some years earlier.

My gathering this year was the most successful of what is now a long and always successful

series. This symposium has become so popular that one is in danger of cooling friendships because everyone in one's circle is not asked. But the several elements were happily blended this time, and the talk was as varied as it was ceaseless and interesting. . . . It was agreed *nem. con.*, that Grant Allen was the ablest fellow amongst us. . . . Proctor is eternally grateful to me for introducing him as a desirable contributor to *Knowledge*.

Later we get a statement of the position that Clodd had reached in regard to religion :

If you haven't read Sir James Stephen's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the Unknowable, pray do so. It is the cold and pitiless analysis of Herbert Spencer's theory, which Frederic Harrison called the Ghost of a Religion, and of Harrison's own proposed substitute for it, by a man who is all brain, who has, as John Morley says of Voltaire, "no ear for the finer vibrations of the spirit." The smart incisiveness of the style and the terseness of the illustrations make the reading of it an intellectual treat, but the emotions, which are entitled to be heard on the matter of man's attitude before his surroundings, rise from it starved and parched. Stephen makes good points against Spencer with his capital U and Harrison with his capital H, but he augurs

an entire absence of that "cosmic emotion" of which it is very easy to make fun, but which is a real and justifiable feeling in the presence of the totality of things. And although one admits that the larger number of the units making up the concrete Humanity which Comte and Harrison would have us fall down and worship are and have been dull, lumpish, brutal and ignorant, still in them lay the possibilities which were expressed in the noblest of the race, and it is a cold bath to one's ideals if the memory of the sainted dead is not to abide, as an inspiring influence and a mighty motor power in us.

Some months later Cotter Morison died, and this semi-Positivist phase of Clodd developed no further. The last book read to Morison was Clodd's *Story of Creation*, which had just appeared, and almost his last act was to get Clodd to write his name on it. Clodd writes of him :

I shall miss the man sorely, no one more sorely, for we have grown very near together, and there was in the man the too rare combination of ripe and brilliant knowledge and powerful intellect with sweetness and large humaneness. . . . The sea at Aldeburgh will murmur a sadder dirge since he and I are never to sit by the window.

Proctor shortly followed Morison, and he writes :

I have never suffered such big gaps in friendship between man and man as in the passing away of Cotter Morison and Proctor. They are among the irreparable losses of a life, for friendship can only ripen into fellowship with the genial rain and sunshine of time, and with nigh half a century of life gone the future has not the potency of the past.

How little he suspected that there lay still before him forty years and such friendships as few men enjoyed. New friends appeared in the circle every year. Grant Allen, who had casually picked up the *Childhood of the World* in a shop in Jamaica and been charmed with it, had been linked with him since 1882, and they went to Egypt together in 1889. Allen had Herbert Spencer with him as a paying guest at Dorking in 1889, and he invited Clodd, with others, to meet him. It was one of his few failures. He made at table a remark which Spencer considered frivolous, and the ear-phones were coldly closed. Later, when Spencer wanted to be sure that his own work was appreciated in Clodd's forthcoming *Pioneers of Evolution*, he sent for him, but he was never very friendly. At the Sunday Lecture Society he met Sir A. C. Lyall, for whose conversation and culture he had quite a reverence ; and Lyall very clearly appreciated Clodd. They

were cordial friends for twenty years. He met Whymper at the Geographical Society in the same year (1890) and contracted a warm life-long friendship, such as the famous climber did not readily contract ; and about the same time he became very friendly with Sir Henry Thompson, the distinguished surgeon, whose parents were friends and neighbours of some relatives of Clodd's at Framlingham. He had Clodd occasionally at his " Octave dinners " in town, when the guests and the courses numbered eight. On the wall of Clodd's study is a pencil sketch of Thackeray with the inscription, " To Edward Clodd from his friend Henry Thompson."

To most of these I return later. At the meetings of the Folk-Lore Society, of the Council of which he became a member in 1889, he met further scholars and writers : the publisher Nutt, the authority on gipsies, Hindes Groome, Mary Kingsley (a warm and appreciated friend for some years), Sir Lawrence Gomme, Sir John Rhys, Andrew Lang, Sir Richard Burton, and Abercrombie (who visited at Rosemont) ; to speak only of those who became personal friends. At the Savile he dined or lunched with Rudyard Kipling (never quite congenial to him), Rider Haggard, J. M. Barrie, " Anthony Hope," Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Walter Besant, and a score of others. In the early nineties one

met him everywhere. He was entertained at Oxford in 1888, and again later, by Sir John Rhys ("a friendship," he says, "that can never be excelled"). In 1890 his Diary bursts with notable names. At a dinner at Mrs. Lynn Linton's he meets Lillie and Rudyard Kipling, whom he saw often at one time. He notes that he had "a long and unlooked-for conversation on biblical matters with Kipling, who believes in a personal God, a sort of Almighty drill-sergeant." There are notes hardly more interesting of conversations with Rider Haggard, Walter Besant (with whom he was much more friendly), Ray Lankester, Alma Tadema, etc. In March he has to tea at his own house the Guedallas, Joseph Thomson, J. M. Barrie, and W. T. Thiselton-Dyer. They keep it up with song (partly African, from Thomson) and story until eleven. He meets Swinburne at dinner at Watts-Dunton's, but merely discovers that he is "very deaf." Besant gives a dinner to A. Dobson, E. Gosse, Thomas Hardy, and Clodd at the Savoy. In the same month his own Sunday party at Rosemont one night includes Thomas Hardy, Watts-Dunton, and Max O'Rell. Later he spends a day at George Meredith's, dines with William Watson (who then wrote the verse for the *Academy*, prefixed to the second chapter), and as guest of Sir John Rhys, at

Oxford, met a crowd of academic notabilities.

One would take these things for granted in a biography of Meredith, Hardy or Barrie, but they have a clear character-significance in the case of a man who was not an outstanding figure in his own economic world, had neither wealth nor birth, and in literary repute did not approach the men who welcomed him everywhere. I fancy, as I run over his papers, that a time came, very much later, when the peculiar interest of his social life suggested to him the possibility that someone might write a memoir or biography after his death. In his fifth and sixth decades of life he had clearly not even a furtive thought of such a possibility. No eye was to see the swift, candid, succinct notes with which he filled his pocket-size Diaries from day to day ; and no eyes have seen them except those of his widow and the present writer. It may be said that he is emotional only in recording his pains and struggles, of which I will say only that he had a good man's share, and at times in glancing back at the low level from which he started and the esteem of the mighty and worthy that he has won. Otherwise he just records from day to day the functions he has attended, the men he has met, occasionally the conversation or some confidence of interest. One gets the firm impression that what happened was that the men

and women I have named discovered in him an exceptional charm and integrity of character, a solidity of culture rare in a self-educated man, a sparkle of conversation which they prized. But this will become more apparent when, in a later chapter, we consider more closely the warmer friendships which emerged from the crowd of contacts I have summarily described.

CHAPTER IV

THE EARLIER WRITINGS

To find fair pictures added to a favourite book
Is with new friends to meet upon an old highway ;
To have bright dreams while drowsing in a leafy nook,
Or blue skies, a good view, upon a holiday.

G. WASHINGTON CABLE (to Clodd).

ONE may gather from Clodd's warm approval of York Powell's description of Grant Allen as "connecting the book-man and the spade-man" that he would welcome the application of the phrase to himself. He was neither an original discoverer, either of facts or ideas, nor what is disdainfully—as if the teacher of adults were a lower creature than the teacher of youth—called a mere populariser. He was always a sincerely modest man, yet he would protest that it was not modesty, but simple truth, that moved him to put the works of Grant Allen high above his own ; for there was original creativeness in Allen's *Physiological Æsthetics* and *Colours of Flowers*. Nevertheless, in many of Clodd's works, such as the *Story of Creation* and *Tom Tit Tot*, there is,

for the age in which they were written, an original synthesis of well-assimilated information for which inexpert readers were grateful.

One appreciates his position as a writer best if one notices that varied as his titles are, he had two dominant interests : evolution and what one may call the anthropological interpretation of human nature. Originally, we saw, he took to the pen from a sincere feeling that he could supply a sorely needed piece of literature. He wanted to show a public which does not, can not, read the works of Tylor, Spencer, and Lubbock, that evolution explains religious beliefs, or that they originated in the natural illusions of childhood. His second book was an inevitable sequel to the first. His impulse culminated in the writing of *Jesus of Nazareth*, about which he long hesitated. "*Cui bono ?*" he asks himself in his Diary, and he quotes to himself, "Leave thou thy sister where she prays." But his feeling for what he regarded as truth overcame his reluctance.

After publishing that book, and it was very far from being aggressive, he clearly intended to avoid all direct criticism of religious beliefs, and for twenty years he confined himself to popular expositions of the doctrine of evolution and more scholarly studies of various aspects of it. To say, as the *Bookman* did after his death, that he was

“a fierce controversialist” is quite misleading. His motto—borrowed from Richard Proctor, I believe—was, “Science does not attack: it explains.” Very little of his work can be called controversial, and none of it fiercely controversial, until in later life he began to attack Spiritualism. But during all these earlier years his anthropological conception of human nature, his conviction that if you scratch the civilized man you find a savage, was gaining in breadth and depth. His folk-lore interest came from that root. These childish stories and practices of backward folk were innocent survivals of the savage or barbaric stage of development. He studied them and wrote on them, with sympathy and pleasure. How this conception of men led him in later years to fancy that the veneer of civilization was increasingly peeling off in the twentieth century and showing the harsher features of the savage, how it led him to use the strong language he had always deprecated in other writers, we will consider later; and it will be better to defer all his anthropological work until that chapter. We shall then easily understand how he became the most cheerful and companionable pessimist, and one of the most aggressive pacifists (in the cultural sense), of his generation.

Here we may glance shortly at the works of an evolutionary and purely educational character

which he wrote before the end of the nineteenth century. This is not a case in which every pamphlet and booklet must be meticulously catalogued and analysed. It will suffice to say that from 1880 to 1890 he plied a much busier pen than the small collection of his works and the large volume of his social life suggest. He wrote regularly, chiefly reviewing solid and important books, in *Knowledge*, and later in the daily press. In one year he notes that he reviewed sixty works. He did this work very conscientiously and assimilated the worth-while contents of every book ; and he had an exceptionally good memory. Some of his articles were reproduced in Proctor's volume of *Nature Studies*, and a number of his lectures, for the Sunday Lecture Society or the South Place Society, were printed. As early as 1875 we find him lecturing on "The Birth and Growth of Myth and its Survival in Folk-Lore, Legend, and Dogma," and in 1882 he takes up the subject of dreams. But we will return to these later. A published lecture of 1885 is of some interest. *Science and the Emotions* it is entitled, and it zealously attacks the idea that the pursuit of science involves a neglect or atrophy of the emotions. One sentence may be quoted as indicating exactly his intellectual position in 1885. He says that science makes no opposition to the old rule, "to do

justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly before thy God," but he adds :

Provided we connote by the word God, not the crude anthropomorphisms which are still the backbone of our current theology, but the symbolic conception of that which is the life and motion of the universe, to know which in the physical order is to know time, past, present, and to come, in the existence and succession of phenomena : to know which in the moral order is to know what has been, is, and will be within the human consciousness.

But I pass over smaller matters and come to the *Story of Creation*, 1887.

The work is a finely balanced, most clearly and gracefully written, and, relatively to the knowledge of the time, accurate survey of the application of evolution in all branches of science from physics to ethics. It counts with me as the best of Clodd's works, and it was gratifying to find him writing to his cousin at the time, after telling her that the edition of two thousand copies had sold in a week or two :

This is very encouraging, as the book is only hot from the Press. But it ought to sell, for the thing is unique and there is no scamped work in it. It is the most important thing that I have

ever done or can ever expect to do, for one has sought to apply the great theory of our time to human conduct and motives for right conduct.

It is a rare case of the author quite correctly appraising his own book. It was unique in 1887, for it could not at all be regarded as a popular summary of the synthetic philosophy, and it is far broader than Hæckel's purely biological and very technical *Natural History of Creation* (which ought to have been translated *History of Natural Creation*), which probably suggested the title but supplied very little of the material and none of the form. It is, in my opinion, the best written of Clodd's works, and is popular in the best, the Huxleian, sense. There are in a high degree the qualities of neatness, conciseness and lucidity which tell of very patient and thorough work and make it a model of the presentation of science to thoughtful but inexpert readers. Except for the *Athenæum* which had a "savage review" (which he read genially to his mother) of it, the Press appreciated it, and it sold five thousand copies in three months. A tenth edition is now in circulation, in cheap form, though a great deal of the book is, naturally, obsolete.

Sir William Huggins, who was conscientious, told him that it was "admirable and accurate."

He could safely say that of the astronomical part, which Proctor had carefully checked, but Proctor disliked the opening chapters on force, energy and matter. Clodd was under the spell of Grant Allen's rich originality at the time, and the definitions of force and energy which he borrowed from Allen were neither orthodox then nor are they acceptable now ; but that matters little, as modern physics has ripped up all the last century's definitions. Naturally Grant Allen liked the book. " You have quite anticipated the book I meant to write myself," he said. I doubt if Allen would have done it as well. An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Express* called it " the finest book in the world," and it had the advantage of a rare advertisement ; it was used in the education of the young Emperor of China (whose tutor, I may say, was an English Rationalist). Exaggeration apart, it was a worthy and most useful book, a quite Lucretian survey of " the Nature of Things," showing in every chapter a fine educational faculty and easy mastery of the very varied material.

I need call attention only to the last chapter, " Social Evolution." The account of the evolution of society would hardly pass to-day, though it followed the best literature of that time, but the short section on the evolution of morals shows deep and independent thinking. The

ethical controversy was then the No Man's Land between the theological lines and those of opponents, and probably most of Clodd's Agnostic friends went into the very difficult fight on sex-issues armed with the intuitionist theory of morals. Clodd was too honest a thinker to entertain it. John Stuart Mill had, of course, pointed the way, though Mill was never quite candid on such questions. Clodd is an uncompromising evolutionist. He finds that "the bases of right and wrong lie in conduct towards one's fellows," and that "there is no fixed standard of right and wrong by which the actions of all men throughout all time are measured." Moral law is, in a word, social law. And for the time this leads him to a mood of optimism which would later be overcast. Behind us lie terrible moral blunders and tragedies : with us is a higher note of justice and humanity : before us are ideals of better things. "Man's capacity can never overtake his loftiest ideals ; in this conception is the spur to their pursuit."

Although publishers pressed him, in view of the marked success of his book, to write another, and the profit was useful—he was always very businesslike in his relations with publishers—he refused to listen. He wrote books only for a definite purpose and in obedience to his own urge. It was seven years before he consented to abridge

his work and make an elementary primer for young and simple folk. Meantime, in 1892, Bates had died and he was asked to write a memoir of him and edit his *Naturalist on the River Amazon*. One need say of this only that it was an admirable piece of work, being in part a labour of love. Bates was one of his first friends and a very near neighbour, and he loved the man's modesty and strength. As to the *Primer of Evolution* (1895), which is dedicated to Huxley, it is a severe and careful summary of the facts and truths of the *Story of Creation*. There is in it none of the stooping to a smaller audience which the title suggests. In the same year he wrote *The Story of Primitive Man*, with illustrations, for Newne's *Library of Useful Stories*. There were few works so good in the series. It is more than a good summary of the science at that date. Clodd had the rare faculty, for such work, of visualizing the past and making helpful suggestions of his own. And he differs from experts in leading up, as he invariably does, to moralizing conclusions :

Both vested interests and apathy have been the foes to advancement, so strong is the reluctance to change, so great the "pain of a new idea," so dominant the power of feeling over reason, of that wish to believe which demands no effort

against that desire to know which involves strenuous inquiry and application. . . . The increase of knowledge is only an agent of advance in the degree that it sets people thinking about social questions, about the abolition of class privileges, about equality of chance in the struggle for life which becomes more and more acute.

The book was translated into Russian, presumably without this passage. From the Diary, by the way, I see that he signed his agreement with Messrs. Newnes and began at once to "rough out" the work on July 4th. He delivered the manuscript on October 17th. A busy banker could do that only if he had a good command of the subject.

In the following year, 1896, he published one of the most substantial of his books, *The Pioneers of Evolution*. One must point out that he had the advantage of using Professor Osborn's *From the Greeks to Darwin*, but he introduces much new material. He enlarges with great sympathy on the poem of Lucretius, and at the other end of the chronological scale he was able, through material which Herbert Spencer invited him to examine, to give a better account of the advance of the idea of evolution in England in the nineteenth century. He is, moreover, tempted to enlarge on the long period from Lucretius to Buffon

when, as he says, "the nepenthe of dogma drugged the reason." The loss to civilization of this anesthetizing of science during a thousand years causes him to forget for the moment that his business is to explain, not to attack, religious beliefs. He found it impossible to treat the Middle Ages tenderly, especially as he was by this time aware that the Arabs and Persians had in that period restored Greek culture and constructed a brilliant civilization.

He has evidently in the preparation of this book to handle much historical material that is new to him, and one misses the rounded finish, the easy and confident workmanship, of the *Story of Creation*. But it was a very useful work for closer students of evolution, the first of its kind to appear in England. He was always a literary pioneer in the sense that, while there might be much learned literature on his subject, he was the first to reach inexpert but thoughtful readers. He detested what he called "cold stuff hotted up" and never wrote because some publisher, noting the popularity of his books, asked him for a book to sell. There is a vast amount of reading, and some original matter, in the *Pioneers*, and it passed through several editions. An American publisher, in spite of Osborn's recent work, paid a hundred pounds for Clodd's book. Meredith gratified him by

writing that he greatly liked the book and found that many passages compelled him to pause and reflect. Gladstone, on the other hand, was deeply offended by a caustic reference to the services in Hawarden Church, "in which the distinguished statesman himself often read the lessons" and he seized a pretext soon afterwards, as we shall see later, to resign from the Folk-Lore Society.

The Story of the Alphabet (1900), in Newnes's *Library of Useful Stories*, the last of this evolutionary series, is again a work of erudition and some research, though in popular form. Canon Isaac Taylor, who became a warm friend of his, had already published a *History of the Alphabet*, and this supplied him with much of his material. Clodd, however, is able to add much material from recent works on Egypt and Babylonia, and he enriches the text, as usual, from his varied reading. It is a very successful attempt to simplify philological research and make it palatable to the general reader.

It had to be followed very shortly by a Memoir of Grant Allen, who had died in 1899. "A capital piece of work," Clement Shorter called it; and even Sir Walter Besant, who was not an admirer of Allen, found it a "most admirable piece of work." One is tempted to describe it as a model Memoir of a man whom experiences

which were too much for his poor strength had defrauded of the intellectual distinction and fame that he ought to have won. Even Andrew Lang, always sparing of superlatives and in many ways disliking Grant Allen's work—"have just made a discovery *à la* Grant Allen," he writes satirically to Clodd—said that he was a "genius" and "the most versatile beyond comparison of any man of our age." Clodd finely told a generation who remembered him only as the author of *The Woman Who Did* and some entertaining stories how the frail but ambitious man had been diverted to writing fiction. For his first essay in science, the *Physiological Æsthetics*, he had got from his publisher only a bill for fifty pounds; his second scientific work had brought him thirty pounds in ten years. After a period of indexing and literary hackwork he was astonished to receive twelve guineas for a slight magazine article, and he turned to fiction. In the nineties he was Clodd's most intimate friend and the most lively spirit of the parties at Aldeburgh. To what he has said about Allen, "one of the most lovable and generous of men" in the *Memoir and Memories* I would add a passage from a letter to Mr. Nevinson, who in his own reminiscences had not flattered Grant Allen. Clodd was in arms at once, though he had the greatest regard for his friend Nevinson's "large

chivalrous nature," as he put it. He wrote :

I think that if you had known Grant Allen more intimately, you would have given a different and truer presentment. The man who wrote and lived up to the couplet

If systems that be are the order of God,
Revolt is a part of the order,

was not "all sugar." He was the soul of courtesy; this, I think, came from the French blood of his mother. He had not "a small and mincing mouth"—it was large and sensual—and the last term to apply to him is "a somewhat foxy look" . . . It is not easy for me to write calmly of Grant Allen. His was the most enriching friendship that it had been my privilege to possess.

Mr. Nevinson generously sends me the letter to reproduce.

Allen had incurred a good deal of notice of a kind that does not call for Memoirs by publishing *The Woman Who Did*, which was lightly dismissed everywhere as "a free-love novel" and alienated some of his friends. He was, in fact, not only happily married (a compositor set this up once, "he is, happily, married"), but he thoroughly detested prostitution and believed that the adoption of his views would help to

reduce it. Clodd wrote in 1899 to Mr. Coulson Kernahan :

There are things in *The Woman Who Did* with which I couldn't agree. Like the curate's egg it was good in parts. But the book has the rare merit of sincerity, and Allen believed that his opinions would in the acting-out make for morality.

He more plainly says elsewhere that, while he anticipates that there will be "drastic changes in our marriage laws," he thinks that views like those of Allen ought to be restricted to "the narrow zone where lofty conceptions of sex relations and of mutual obligations remain."

The Memoir of Allen is perfectly proportioned to its subject and written with both charm and feeling. The longer Memoir of Huxley, which appeared two years later, reads less smoothly, though certainly affection was not lacking. Huxley had had great influence on Clodd both as a writer and a critic of received opinions. As the *Life and Letters* had appeared two years earlier, however, there was not the same opportunity nor the same fresh memory. The book was really a study of Huxley as a man and as a scientist for the Modern English Writers series.

After 1900, we get no more of the constructive

educational works which had won a repute for him before that date. His principal works are severe criticisms of occultism and spiritualism in all forms. He professes to see a degeneration in the new age which makes it less receptive of good scientific work than the men of the nineteenth century had been. The note begins in the Memoir of Grant Allen. He is writing at "a time when all liberal movements have been swept by boisterous currents into backwaters." He sees "aggressiveness and greed everywhere." The man of the new century "brushes aside as transcendental and dreamy stuff the ideals whose fulfilment depends not on the multitude of things which a nation possesses": the South African goldfields, to wit. But we will consider the pessimistic mood later.

He is now more occupied with writing introductions to reprints of works by his Victorian colleagues. In the first decade of the new century he wrote such introductions to Samuel Laing's *Human Origins* and *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature* and *Lectures and Essays*, and Grant Allen's *Hand of God* and *Flashlights on Nature*. But we need not catalogue all these things. We shall see that for all his insistence on the greatness of the Victorians and the degeneration of their descendants he found life generous and stimulating.

But the survey of his literary output has taken us far ahead, and we have still to consider him as he was in his sixth decade of life, before death began to summon his friends one by one from the stage.

CHAPTER V

THE GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP

The Lotus on a sunny reach,
And friends aboard her, frankly human,
Chatting o'er all that time can teach
Of human worth, of men and women.
An eddy in the silent flow
Of days or years that bear us—whither ?
We know not, but 'tis well to know
We spend the sunny day together.

GEO. GISSING (to Clodd).

NEVINSON once described Clodd as "the friend of genius and the genius of friendship." For the latter phrase, at least, one could quote the support of half the distinguished men and women whose names appear on these pages. "He had wonderful genius for friendship," said Professor H. E. Armstrong, who never writes an idle word. He was "one of the truest, kindest, most vitally alive spirits that ever breathed," said Professor Selwyn Image, after his death. "The Great Magnet," Morley Roberts called him. Meredith was unusually

generous in devising kindly epithets for him. I do not remember to have seen, either in the literary remains I have had at times to handle or in published biographies, so rich a collection of personal tributes as one could compile, if it did not savour of extravagance, from the innumerable descriptions of Clodd in the verse and prose and letters of his friends.

But this characteristic of his became a sort of literary tradition in the first and second decades of the present century, and one's task is rather to explain it. There is no difficulty on the ground of subtlety of character, for this is the last quality that any friend would ascribe to him. It was, in fact, a large part of his attractiveness that he was so candid and spontaneous ; one felt that the pleasant acts and words were the simple expression of kindly and companionable impulses. In calling him the good Epicurean I had in mind at the time the way in which he passed from the comparative austerity of his early ideal of life to a more generous appreciation of enjoyment, in such directions and such measure as would encourage, not disturb, his fine taste and feeling for culture. But the phrase is more applicable in the stricter sense that, like Epicurus, he concluded that the most enriching thing in a man's life is warm and untroubled friendship, a quite brotherly contact with as large a group as possible

of his fellows. If there was any reaction to the "bleak Calvinism" of his youth, it was in this transition from a self-centred concern about his soul to an exuberant sociality.

But, as we saw, it is merely rhetorical to speak of a reaction against ideals of life which never penetrated below the surface of his mind even in boyhood. He had the healthy, balanced, happy temperament of a social being. We saw that it sought satisfaction at once in the lighter side of church-life in London, but it was then chilled by some years of ill-health, straitened circumstances, and drudgery. The beginning of his redemption came with the joining of the Astronomical Society and the Sunday Lecture Society, and especially with the discovery of Bates as his new neighbour. The group of advanced clergymen who met at his house, several of whom I knew in later years, must not be imagined as merely stern debaters of theological issues and quarrels, yet it was a much warmer group that led Clodd to expand in the smoky little room at Bates's house, when Bates and du Chaillu and Joseph Thomson and William Simpson exchanged stories of adventure in all the four continents. From Bates's room the centre shifted to Rosemont, and there were excursions to the many centres of high intellectual and social life which I described. In these and

the clubs Clodd met almost every type of character in metropolitan life—I suppose he would say, all except priests and politicians, whom he did not wish to meet—and his character, with its blend of sincerity and geniality, of modesty yet high ability and culture, attracted the personal friendship of a singular variety and number of them. It was, in short, the high quality of the friendships which he had the opportunity to attract that completed the spontaneous happiness which overflowed upon his circle and made men whose association was eagerly sought by ambitious folk find a more cordial pleasure in his hospitality. The longer he lived—to a certain point—the more lovable he found life; and the point was much later than his pessimistic expressions about us post-Victorians suggest. “I am a glutton for life,” he would say to his wife in even the ninth decade of his life. He had chosen a kind of life that was worth prolonging. He never came to desire the final rest, and never dreaded it.

Let me first complete the external description of his life to the end of the nineteenth century, those unending contacts with notable men and women out of which so many true friendships were selected. Seeing that the greater part of his waking life for more than forty years was spent in the same monotonous and prosy employ-

ment in the same office, his life certainly offers a remarkable interest and diversity. All the pageant of the literary and intellectual life of London in the last decade of the nineteenth century defiles in the crabbed pages of his pocket-diaries. From about 1895 onward, in fact, the pages are so packed in every half-inch with minute writing that one has almost to abandon them. But there would be no object in repeating year after year the names of the distinguished people he met at dinner or at-home or club. Let me say only that at this time he surely had no thought, not even one of those tremulous half-thoughts that occasionally intrude, that a biographer would one day take notes from these diaries, yet there is not the least expression of complacency or vanity or striving. He puts down half or more of the better-known names of Englishmen of letters with just the same feeling as, perhaps, some stockbroker in Surbiton, with the diary-writing itch, was noting how he dined on successive nights with Smith, Jones, and Robinson.

Of new people he meets T. P. O'Connor and Lady Burton at a private dinner ; and T.P. confides to him (as he confided to nearly everybody) that this Catholic pose of his is merely diplomatic, and Lady Burton tells him, to his surprise, that she and Sir Richard have read all

his books. They have, she says, done him no good and done her no harm. At a dinner at Henry Norman's he meets Richard Le Gallienne, George Moore, L. F. Austen, Clement Shorter, (Professor) Beddard, and William Archer. Within a week or so he goes to the Royal Society dinner, the Odd Volumes dinner, and the Omar Khayyám dinner. He became President of the Folk-Lore Society and President of the Omar Khayyám Club in 1895. At the Johnson Club he meets other men of the type he loves, but in the nineties the Omar Khayyám Club was his most treasured institution and at its dinners he made most of his nearer friends.

Fitzgerald's happy paraphrase of the Rubaiat reached Clodd in the eighties, and he found it, as thousands of others did, a remarkable anticipation of the philosophy of personal life which was left to a man when all the dust of nineteenth-century controversies had settled. Apart from Scott's fine but voluminous work, there is so little in English literature about the profoundly interesting and wise Arab-Persian civilization of the Middle Ages that Omar seemed too miraculous, and perhaps too much credit (apart from the charm of the verse) was given to Fitzgerald. However that may be, men revealed to each other, almost as a guilty secret, how they found the vital truth of life in the Rubaiat. Leslie

Stephen once told me how, thirty years earlier, he and a few others at Cambridge exchanged their heresies in whispers and decided to have a private heretics' dinner. The rumour got about and the room was, to their surprise, overcrowded. So when, in 1892, George Whale, Frederic Hudson, and Clement Shorter decided to organize an Omar Khayyám dinner at Pagani's, and the dozen who were present (including William Watson and Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer) formed a Club for periodical dinners, there was a rush for admission. The members had to be restricted, and, as Fitzgerald had published his *Rubaiat* in fifty-nine quatrains, there were to be only fifty-nine members. Huntley McCarthy was the first President.

Nowhere was Clodd more at home than at the O.K. dinner. The bond of union was just that standard of personal life he had achieved, the old Arab-Persian ideal : the blend of intellectual and sensuous enjoyment, a book as well as "the jug of wine and thou," the candour of happily balanced temperaments, complete freedom from the hypocrisies of life. There he contracted his warm life-long friendship with George Whale and Clement Shorter, perfect Omarians, who formed with him, he says, "a trinity of friendship." Other members—Andrew Lang, Holman-Hunt, Grant Allen, etc.—were

old friends, and he now became a closer friend of Edmund Gosse, H. W. Massington, W. T. Thiselton-Dyer (with whom he spent delighted hours at Kew), "Anthony Hope," Sir Martin Conway, and George Gissing. Other Omarian brethren or guests were A. W. Pinero, H. Arthur Jones, Augustine Birrell, Sidney Colvin, Sir Wemyss Reid, James Bryce, Henry James, Alfred East, and Frederic Harrison. Clodd was elected third President in 1895, and he arranged the dinner at Burford Bridge Hotel, not far from Meredith's house, and persuaded the great novelist to come along after dinner. Hardy sat on Clodd's right and Gissing on the left—a few details are inaccurate in *Memories*—and Meredith, who had strictly stipulated that he would not have to speak, was so cunningly manœuvred by Clodd into making a short speech that from that hour Meredith called him Sir Reynard of the Alde. When, later, Clodd got into controversy in *The Times*, Meredith seized the figure of the hunting of Sir Reynard by the fifteen Merry Prelates (the bishops) and with great delight played endless variations on the theme in his letters.

The memory of these high festivals of the later Victorian years, with their orgies of wit and high talk and intimate stories, is one thing that makes Clodd in later years a cheerful

querulous "praiser of the good old times." It is part of the melancholy of age to see that the distinguished are, as a rule, old and dying and the young are not distinguished. The veteran scientist or artist fails to reflect that the young may yet worthily replace him and his dying contemporaries, who have had time to achieve. As early as 1894 we find Clodd reflecting in his Diary, apropos of the death of the Rev. Richard Morris and the Rev. Mark Wilks :

Friend after friend departs till really one, full of affection for them, accepts this inevitable shrinking of the ranks with a sort of resigned complacency.

Next year came his presidency of the O.K. Club and the Folk-Lore Society, but the gaps in the ranks became more frequent, and Clodd was an extremely sensitive and emotional man. In ten years he lost Bates, Morris, Grant Allen, Mary Kingsley, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson (a warm friend for many years), George Gissing, Samuel Butler, Proctor, Joseph Thomson, P. du Chaillu, Huxley, Simpson, Anderson, York Powell, and his mother. Others heard, or believed they heard, "the tinkling of the camel-bell" in the near distance. One day, he notes, he has met Sir Frederic Pollock and found him "rather maudlin and pessimistic."

Sir Frederic said to him : " I wish I had your grip on life." Possibly he would have had, if he had been willing to exchange Spinoza for Omar Khayyám.

But Clodd's greatest days as the genius of friendship were only now beginning. Somewhere he complains that the man with whom you talk in the bustle of a club or a dinner is not a friend : you must have him by your fireside with his feet on the fender. The little house at Tufnell Park, Rosemont, had, we saw, for many years gathered some notable groups under its roof, but Clodd began to use more and more the house now his at Aldeburgh for gatherings of intimate friends. I find that in a letter to (Sir) Walter Besant, with whom he co-operated in bettering the position of authors, in 1889, he says :

Allen will be with us at Aldeburgh for Whitsuntide and quite reckons on the hope of making your acquaintance. Canon Taylor, with whom I have been spending Easter, also hopes to join us.

It was one of the earlier of the Pentecostal gatherings which became famous amongst his friends. Isaac Taylor, by the way, the distinguished philologist and authority on the Aryans, was not the only cleric who moved in his intimate

circle even in the nineties. He had a high opinion of Clodd's scholarship. He writes him (11 : 3 : 90) :

MY DEAR CLODD,

Many thanks for your article (a review in *Knowledge* and of Taylor's recent book), which A.R. has sent me. It is the only review by a *competent* reviewer I have had, save one in the *Scottish Leader*. Andrew Lang reviewed me in the *Saturday*, but only succeeded in showing that he knew nothing of the subject and was unable to understand the argument. . . .

A letter of Huxley's of about the same period may be quoted here as showing that he too came to appreciate Clodd's ability as well as character.

MY DEAR ED. CLODD,

Many thanks for your kind letter. I do not know what has come to Harrison. Once he wrote well—now substance and style are alike loose and nebulous. I really hope he will leave me alone, for I do not want any more controversy. . . . I was looking through *Man's Place in Nature* the other day. I do not think there is a word I need delete nor anything I need add, except in confirmation and extension of the doctrine there laid down. That is great good fortune for a book thirty years old.

In the same month, apparently, Tyndall wrote to Clodd :

MY DEAR CLODD,

It gives me great pleasure to send the contribution (for *Knowledge*, which Clodd was then editing), which, were it permitted, I should materially enhance . . .

But these were friends of the departing company, men of a higher altitude who had liked his personality and admired the quality and use of his work. Few of his older friends, except Grant Allen, who greatly loved Aldeburgh, lived to join the merry circles there in the later years of the nineteenth century and the new century.

Clodd's father had left him the ancestral cottage or double cottage and gone to live at Lowestoft some time before his death in 1888 ; and he had begun to take a few intimate friends down for a quiet week-end or holiday. We find the first Whitsun gathering in 1884, when Wilks, Cotter Morison, Grant Allen, and Professor Sully were there, and the Diary adds "splendid talks." Ray Lankester was in the next party. When the father died, the house was reconstructed and larger and more boisterous parties went down. In 1890 was the first of his real Pentecostal gatherings. Grant Allen, Henry Moore, the Rev. Wm. Morris, P. du Chaillu,

and Professor Rhys Davids formed the party, and it was gayer than some of the names would suggest. P. du Chaillu told in one of his lively stories of African travel that he had once become King of the Apingis, and they insisted on treating him as such. For the Sunday they borrowed a yacht, and the day's adventure on the Alde was so much appreciated that shortly afterwards Clodd bought a large gig and called it the *Lotus* (No. 1).

I have already quoted a letter in which Clodd tells his cousin that his friends are so eager to join the Whitsun gatherings that he has to select and omit with great care. Grant Allen was there nearly every year, for his high spirits none would care to miss, but the others generally varied from year to year. Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, and Walter Besant were there in 1891; Canon Taylor, Henry Moore, the Hon. John Abercrombie, W. Simpson, Edward Whymper, Dr. Beard, and Clement Shorter—an "hilarious gathering"—came in 1892. The Whitsun of 1895 reached the high-watermark, for George Meredith came for three days; and Sir B. W. Richardson ("prince of story-tellers and reminiscencers," he notes), George Gissing, L. F. Austin, Clement Shorter, and George Whale were there. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had been expected, wrote :

MY DEAR CLODD,

Undoubtedly you are a brick—whatever a brick is—to give me another chance of getting jolly (not drunk) at your festive gathering. Unluckily I expect to be away . . .

General Sir G. Scott Robertson, Holman-Hunt, Massingham, Flinders Petrie, Nevinson, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Sir F. Pollock came in the next year or two. In 1898 the distinguished American novelist, George Washington Cable, was visiting England, and he joined the Whitsun group at Aldeburgh. It was in memory of this that he wrote the verse I have prefixed to the fourth chapter. Putnam, the American publisher, sometimes joined the party.

This Whitsun gathering, when he had a few days from the bank and most of his friends were in England, was Clodd's chief annual party until he retired from business and went to live at Aldeburgh, but there were frequent week-ends with a few friends. I must make short work of this pleasant aspect of his life by giving once more a list of names. It need not be explained that those who were invited to stay at Aldeburgh were the warmer personal friends out of a very large group of acquaintances. The house was not a large mansion to which one could invite large parties of week-enders, but a cosy little

double-cottage, as I will explain, where men must sit close together in complete good-fellowship. Hence the list of those who stayed in it at one time or other is a very different matter from a list of the notable men and women Clodd met in clubs or at dinners in London, and the reader will probably care to glance at it. I do not know that it is a complete list of Clodd's guest-friends in those years, for I take it from a Birthday Book in which he asked them to write and the date in which he began it is not given, though it was obviously early. However that may be, here is a list of the better-known men and women who came under Clodd's definition of friends, or guests of his fireside, from the time when he began to entertain at Aldeburgh, taking them in the order of their dates :

Sir James George Frazer, Professor Woods Hutchinson, Sir A. C. Lyall, Alice Gomme, Florence Dugdale (Mrs. Thomas Hardy), W. P. Pycraft, Professor F. York Powell, the Hon. John Abercrombie, Augustine Birrell, F. S. A. Lowndes, Robert Frew (D.D.), the Hon. John Collier, Mary Owen, Professor R. A. Gregory, Sir Brian Donkin, Bates, "Anthony Hope," Canon Ainger, Mrs. Lynn Linton, George Meredith, Sir Mortimer Durand, Joseph Thomson, Professor Selwyn Image, G. M. Trevelyan, Grant Allen, Max O'Rell, Professor James Sully,

Sir Hugh Clifford, Henry Moore, Moncure Conway, Richard Proctor, H. J. Massingham, Andrew Lang, Holman-Hunt, G. H. Putnam, Sir F. Pollock, Sir E. Brabrook, Sir Martin Conway, Pett Ridge, B. Quaritsch, Ed. Whymper, Professor H. E. Armstrong, Sir J. M. Barrie, Professor Rhys Davids, Sir Ray Lankester, Professor Haddon, Thomas Hardy, H. Savage Landor, Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, W. B. Yeats, the Right Hon. Sir John Rhys, Dr. John Black, Clement Shorter, Sidney Hartland, Richard Whiteing, P. du Chaillu, Sir William Watson, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Sir Walter Besant, F. Hindes Groome, A. W. Hutton, Rev. R. Morris, W. W. Jacobs, H. G. Wells, William Archer, Violet Hunt, Mrs. Holman-Hunt, H. W. Nevins, G. W. Cable, Professor J. B. Bury, W. Simpson, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, George Gissing, Sir Leslie Stephen, Lionel Johnson, Prince Krapotkin, Lawrence Gomme, Morley Roberts.

I was tempted at first to regard this remarkable little book as a collection of autographs, or at least of the names of men with whom Clodd was sufficiently familiar ; if one could imagine such a man carrying a fat little Birthday Book about with him to solicit signatures. But the absence of the names of so many with whom he was on the most friendly terms (Huxley, Clifford, Mary

Kingsley, Thiselton-Dyer, Henry Norman, Rider Haggard, Scott Keltie, Ed. Gosse, Watts-Dunton, Romanes, etc.) shows that it is a list of the nearer personal friends who were his guests at Aldeburgh. There are few who could afford not to envy him his friendships ; and the brilliant diversity of the list, containing as it does, so many leaders in science, art, and letters as well as famous travellers and administrators, make us appreciate the kind of atmosphere in which he lived and mellowed from 1890 onward. Often when he was alone in Aldeburgh he must have smiled at the Baptist Chapel or looked fondly at the old capstan on the beach before his house, on which he had once played. From there he had set out at the age of fourteen, with neither friends nor money nor high education, for the great adventure of life in London. How many such men convert the cottage of their boyhood into a house for entertaining exalted friends ?

I should like to make one other general reflection before looking more closely into this interesting life at Aldeburgh. I shall be scolded for too frequent references to Clodd's Rationalism ; though the same writers will probably continue to say that he was a Rationalist and nothing more. At his death, and during life, it was as "the friend of the Victorian Rationalists" that he chiefly appeared in the press. This list

of intimate friends, including a Catholic poet and several orthodox clergymen, shows that he and his friends recognized no colour-line, in the theological sense. If four names out of five are those of Rationalists (to my knowledge), in the broad sense, it may be due to the quality of the cultural world of the time, not to selection.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEST OVER ALDE

Thou pirate, nested over Alde !
Stern wrecker of the Established Faith !
From whom the parson shrinks appalled,
In whom the mariner sees his wraith.
Attracts thee in the glassy glare
Of evening some fishmonger's slab ?
And still dost mix for supper fare
The shelly with poetic Crabbe ?
Or else, while sinks the enlarging star,
Of night libidinous the herald,
Thou drink'st to glorious Omar
From the gold goblet named Fitzgerald ?
Then into Nature's entrails peer'st,
Not finding there the Christian God ;
Or on the surface pioneer'st
A beacon to thy fellows, Clodd ?

GEORGE MEREDITH, 1899.

ALDEBURGH is not, like Cromer, a gem of the east coast. To north and south of it are dull marshy levels over which the east winds blow drearily in the winter. Aldeburgh was built on or under the shelter of a pleasant ridge of green land that runs to the sea between

the two levels. The sea has shorn it, and the houses on the front row now listen to the wavelets even on a calm day. Here is the low front of Strafford House, all windows, to welcome the sun and air when they are not too robust. I have spoken of his father's "cottage," but the word is rather derogatory for a brig-master's house. It is to-day as Clodd lived in it: a cosy lounge hall at the door, with treasured shelves of autographed books and the little cupboard of school-books and prizes, the comfortable dining-room on your left, the spacious yet snug study above. The house is crammed with memories or ghosts of the great dead who so often shook its window with laughter.

He has himself so well described the men who responded readily to his invitations, and indeed most of them are so well known, that little need be said here about each. George Meredith he puts always first, not for his distinction in letters—one reads criticism of Meredith's novels in the *Diary*—but there seems to have been a really warm friendship between them. There is an intimate note in Meredith's short letters to him as early as 1895. One may be permitted to reproduce a few fragments here which suggest their relations. They began, as I said, when Meredith carried off Clodd to the Garrick Club after the orthodox funeral of Cotter Morison

in 1888 and poured out his wrath. It is strange that nearly every reference to Clodd in the Press referred to his anti-theological views, yet few references to Meredith mentioned *his* views. While Clodd deprecated the "aggressive note," Meredith gave assistance to the most aggressive atheists, men who made Clodd shudder. In 1895, inviting Clodd to Box Hill, he addresses him as "Dearest of faithless men." He has unfortunately invited others for the specified date, and he says: "As to the —s, if they come when you are here, you will have to go into the corner where Will used to sleep." My blank stands for a name of some note.

It was not the first visit to Box Hill, and as the —s did not turn up, to the poet's pleasure, Clodd had hours of Meredith's sparkling and malicious conversation. Clodd wrote down copious notes of it after his visits. He has reproduced most of the notes in *Memories*, and I hesitate to print what he has omitted. Let me venture upon one passage, as these "stories of real life" (as distinct from biographical and historical accounts) from older men like Meredith, Watts-Dunton, Holman-Hunt, etc., were part of Clodd's education in his mature years. Meredith told him, amongst other unprinted facts, that when Wordsworth's publishers went through his papers after his death, they "found a lot of un-

printable erotic poetry." So, said Meredith, "the poet of the cathedral aisle, once outside, kicks like a goat." He ticked off other well-known figures as "old goats," with private "pornographic libraries." No wonder the comic spirit in Meredith was at times cynical. Holman-Hunt had already told Clodd whispered stories of the artistic world. I have quoted his reference to Ruskin ; yet Ruskin, Clodd was told, was horrified when he went through Turner's remains. Clodd must have mentioned that one of his favourite modern writers was Matthew Arnold. "A dandy Isaiah," said Meredith.

In *Vanity Fair* in 1909 there appeared a skit on the conversations of Clodd and Meredith of which various versions have been published. The original runs :

Said Meredith to Clodd,
"There isn't any God" ;
Said Clodd to Meredith,
"I'm certain he's a myth."
So God with great good humour,
Proclaimed Himself a rumour.
The moral's obvious :
There isn't any us.

Henry Savage claimed to be the author of it, and Clodd pasted Savage's letter, without comment, in his Diary, as if he allowed the claim. Meredith was, in fact, more properly described

as an atheist than Clodd. But the link between the two men was not at all a common disapproval of accepted beliefs. Meredith's invitations are always very cordial and playful. One written on St. Valentine Day, 1890, runs :

MY DEAR CLODD,

On Saturday come in time to dine, and I will be your Valentine, O chairman of Omar Khayyáms, for whom the praises drown the damns.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Another says :

DEAR SIR REYNARD,

Lunch at 2 p.m. on Saturday next—and much rejoicing when I see the adventurer again. . . .

But the elaborations of the Sir Reynard joke are so familiar in published letters of Meredith and in Clodd's *Memories* that I will not repeat them here. I have an idea that there were times when Clodd winced. Meredith was, he says, "a great tease" and quite insensitive at times to the feelings of the men he teased. In a letter to Mr. Stockley in 1918 Clodd speaks of it as "a very great defect of Meredith's character" that he "lacked pity." He is, of course, thinking mainly of other matters in the life of Meredith which

do not call for discussion here, but one feels that the phrase refers also to Meredith's perpetual raillery and his general attitude to life. But the rich experience of contact with the wonderful artist made these things seem trifling, and Meredith favoured him with a particular friendship. After a depressing attack of influenza he presses Clodd to come to Box Hill, saying : " The sight of you will reanimate in me a proper sense of the ingenious veracities of life and its warmth." One of his last holidays was spent at Aldeburgh, and from a Bath chair he flung his last jokes, at times edged with a little genial malice, with which he never meant to wound, at Clodd and Sir Clement Shorter.

If Meredith had " a very grave defect," of which one lost sight in the charm of his manner and the brilliance of his conversation, Thomas Hardy, the second outstanding figure in Clodd's circle, was not immune. Here again, it may not be inexpedient to say, there was genuine and warm friendship. Clodd's offer of a few days by the sea occasionally in a very modest home was a trifle, friendship apart, to men like Hardy and Meredith, yet Clodd never needs to do any soliciting. Hardy writes Clodd even more warmly than Meredith, though warmth of sentiment is not the first quality one would ascribe to either of the famous artists. After his marriage,

which has been kept secret, to Miss Dugdale in 1914, Hardy wrote to Clodd :

I wanted to let you know by letter, before you heard it in any other way, that Miss Dugdale and I were married at Enfield. . . . Of course, I wanted you to know before anybody else, but I was under the strictest orders not to tell anyone.

Hardy confided to Clodd that he had shown his early manuscripts to Meredith and John Morley, and both had advised him not to publish until he could write better ; and I may add that Hardy's housekeeper told Clodd that his plots were largely based upon stories told him by his mother. Hardy told Clodd that he never collected folk-lore.

A passage in a letter about modern fiction from Hardy to Clodd is interesting :

Fiction has got on the wrong lines of late, partly through the influence of bad criticism, and, while third-rate imitations of Dumas *père* and disguised treatises on Christianity-without-believing-in-it are the fashion, I am not stirred to novel-writing.

Clodd was therefore astonished and incredulous when, in Hardy's later years, I told him that Hardy had begged me not to describe him as a Rationalist, and when another friend of mine,

with whom Hardy stayed, described him going to church on Sunday mornings. When he yielded at last to the truth, Clodd fell back upon criticisms of Hardy which he hitherto had considered as trifles. "A great writer, but certainly not a great character," he wrote to Stockley after Hardy's death.

More than one fellow-guest was not entirely comfortable when Hardy was up at the Aldeburgh party. "Anthony Hope" expresses the feeling of most of them when after Hardy's death, he wrote to Clodd :

Literary fame apart, what a dear, simple, unassuming man he was. But not so happy, I fear ; it was he who maintained that it was better not to be born—and yet was nervous in the boat (Clodd's yacht).

His better qualities Clodd deeply appreciated, and the friendship of twenty years was very genuine on both sides. When Clodd in turn reached his sixtieth year in the summer of 1900, Hardy playfully wrote him :

Who said a few weeks ago that he was not sixty and I was ? Somebody else is sixty now. . . . I hope you will find it possible to come down, as we have not had you here for a long time.

In the following winter Clodd visited the Riviera, and Hardy wrote him :

I am rather concerned that a man of your age and respectability should have gone to Monte Carlo to "repair your brain"—I hope not with the ruins of your conscience, as the manor houses hereabout are with the ruins of the abbeys. There is a certain wealthy tone in your letter suggesting that you have made yourself a millionaire at the expense of sundry poor people over there. . . .

A year later he writes :

Here you are down at Aldeburgh enjoying the sensation of having nothing but sea between you and the North Pole, and here I am kept indoors over a large fire by a raging influenza, which seems to visit me in May as regularly as Schedule D . . .

Hardy's letters have been published in abundance, but I venture to reproduce these fragments in order to show that in his relations with Clodd, the novelist showed his more attractive qualities. Clodd felt that early struggles had in some ways left a mark on Hardy and he was not slow, like some others, to recognize it. Hardy's frequent visits to Aldeburgh were warmly appreciated by both.

I have already spoken of his many years of intimate friendship with the Holman-Hunts, but the painter did not live until the great days of the meetings at Aldeburgh. The letters of Holman-Hunt which Clodd published in *Memories* will have left many puzzling over the missing word. There can be no harm to-day in saying that the brother-artist who irritated Holman-Hunt as deeply as Norman Lockyer irritated Huggins was G. F. Watts. He wrote querulously to Clodd in 1889 about some new "mosaics after Watts which are about as dead as Thotmes III." "I would," he adds, "not dare to say this aloud against Watt's work which it is the fashion to worship." In another letter he says: "In a century I prophesy that the work will not rank as high as that of Sir J. Thornhill." He had much the same dislike of Burne-Jones. The Diary notes that on March 5th, 1893, Holman-Hunt and Shorter were at Clodd's house in Tufnell Park for tea, and "they agreed with me about the morbid nature of Burne-Jones's pictures."

I have said that he found the chief defect of Meredith to be that he had "no pity." It is curious that Meredith himself said that Andrew Lang had "no heart," yet the two were amongst Clodd's warmest friends and busiest correspondents. Lang's long letters, looking as if an

intoxicated spider had been dipped in ink and put on the page—strangely, the two men who had no heart were the two most illegible scrawlers in the entire circle—to Clodd are innumerable, and there are few of them which do not express a chronic state of war against nearly everybody. After the publication of *Memories* Mrs. Hardy wrote to Clodd :

I am a little perplexed by the liking you evidently had for Lang, whom of all men living or dead I think my husband most detested, and others I have heard speak in the same way.

That letter did not surprise Clodd, but one he received from Mrs. Lang bewildered him. It shows how very few men broke through Lang's habitual reserve and really knew him, for Clodd at least was supposed to know him well. It had always seemed to Clodd that, when the conversation at Aldeburgh fell upon religion, Lang was as critical as any other, yet Mrs. Lang protested that Clodd had entirely misrepresented her husband's views. It amazed Clodd to learn that a man with whom he had corresponded with great familiarity for twenty years, who had repeatedly spent a few days with the (generally irreligious) party at Aldeburgh, had been in the habit of saying his prayers twice a day. There would have been a sensation in the group

at Strafford House if some guest had blundered into the wrong room and discovered Andrew Lang on his knees beside the bed. Clodd's reply to Mrs. Lang shows his unfailing good nature as well as his bewilderment.

DEAR MRS. LANG,

Excuse the delay in answering yours of the 10th. I have been away and find it only on my return. I must say that the contents give me a little—well more than a little—surprise. I thought that what I said about your dear one was infused with a sympathetic spirit that tried to assess him honestly. I did my best to come to sincere, though superficial, judgment of one of whom we knew little. The only letter bearing on religious views shows that we differed. I could only say what were the facts, that I could never get at Lang's real attitude toward current creeds, nor am I alone in that. I don't for a moment doubt what you say as to his devotional nature. . . . Several friends have thanked me for revealing a different Lang to the one they envisaged, and if you read the closing paragraphs of that chapter, you'll find, I hope, that I think of one who retains a warm place in my heart.

It may interest to add that Mary Kingsley once discussed with Clodd Andrew Lang's reserves, when Clodd visited her in her poor lodging in

Addison Road in 1893. She scorned reserve and said so very bluntly. "I believe," she wrote, "in space and atoms and Darwinism and all that sort of Ju-ju." In one of her letters she speaks of Clodd, Tylor, and Sir A. C. Lyall as "our three best men."

There is little more that one need add to all that he has said in *Memories* about the men who composed the frequent gatherings at Strafford House, Meredith's "nest over Alde" (which river, let me say, is quite a distance away and wholly out of sight). A word may be added about Edward Whymper, a dour, unconventional, hard man : the man who, when the servant asked him one morning at Aldeburgh if he would take porridge, said : "I would rather leave the house." One will find in Mr. Coulson Kernahan's *Good Company* that the famous climber, though normally far from sociable, greatly esteemed Clodd. He disliked dinners, but he eagerly accepted an invitation to Kernahan's when he heard that Clodd would be present. He was the only man who ever ventured to disturb the harmony of Strafford House by something like rudeness to a fellow-guest. Grant Allen had been so imprudent as to ask him about the size of his lecture-fees. He was anxious to make amends : a matter which would in most cases not trouble him. Mr. Kernahan asks me to quote that he

says of Whympere, whom he knew well : " No one did he seem to hold in greater regard and respect than Edward Clodd," and he thought Clodd " not only a profound thinker and scholar and brilliant writer, but a loyal and true friend." Reserved in a very different way was George Gissing, yet he spoke of Clodd as " one whom the general uproar of things does not deafen to still small voices."

To his depiction of other friends nothing need be added. In the last chapter I gave a list of the more distinguished guests who were entertained at Strafford House, and any half-dozen of these, it will be realized, made good company. In the nineties, one finds in the Diary, Whitsun parties consisted one year of Thomas Hardy, Sir J. M. Barrie, and Sir Walter Besant ; another year there were Grant Allen, Sir W. B. Richardson (" prince of story-tellers "), George Gissing, L. F. Austin, Clement Shorter, George Whale, and George Meredith ; next year Grant Allen, Massingham, Clement Shorter, and Holman-Hunt ; and the following year W. Simpson, General Robertson, Grant Allen, Massingham, and Shorter. Clodd liked the house to be known as Liberty Hall—it was called Strafford House only from the accident that it was built on the former Wentworth Manor—and the guests appreciated the absence of

formality and convention. But the group was always carefully chosen, and there was high talk and much gaiety. One of Grant Allen's verses gives an impression of the stimulating life :

Was it Gissing who sat by me here
When du Chaillu discoursed the gorilla ?
Or Taylor who taught me to steer,
Ungrazed, 'twixt Charybdis and Scylla ?
Had Powell some saga to tell,
Or did Beddard prosect *Lepidotus*,
Or Sully lure truth from her well,
As we lolled on the Alde in the Lotus ?

Few will need reminding that Canon Taylor was the chief authority on the Aryans, York Powell an Oxford professor of history—and a hearty, unconventional man whose loud and ready laughter put life into any party—Beddard the Cambridge zoologist, and Sully a distinguished professor of psychology. Ladies were never invited to these Whitsun parties, not all the distinguished guests desiring their company.

The *Lotus* is so often mentioned in accounts of these parties that some would like to hear more of it. I never saw *Lotus I*, a rowing gig, but *Lotus II* is a five-ton yacht, cutter-rigged, with hull white above and green below. A larger boat would not navigate the Alde as he wanted. Seven or eight could sit comfortably in it, and two or three could, if desired, sleep in its cabin.

One day of the Whitsun holiday was, weather permitting, always spent on this yacht cruising on the river Alde. Clodd was a very zealous yachtsman, and he looked the part in every inch. He liked it when friends who made historical research found that a Clodd had been master of the *Vanguard* in the battle of the Nile, another master of the *Adamant*, and so on. My friend Mr. Haynes says even that he had something of the superstition of the sailor. They were out on the Alde one day when Dr. Putnam, the New York publisher, kept whistling; though I cannot imagine George Haven Putnam descending to such frivolity. Clodd visibly chafed, and Haynes had to give Putnam a quiet hint. Other friends say, rather feebly, that Clodd merely disliked the noise. A day was spent on the river, then back to dinner, and the talk, grave and gay, or a happy blend of the two, would fill the comfortable library until twelve or one in the morning.

Clodd was a perfect host, ever present and watchful and never dominant. All his guests were old friends, and he knew the whims and wishes of each and delighted to see that each was met. His very wide culture enabled him to take his share in the conversation of his more notable scientific and literary friends, and at all times he was ready with a good story, and just

as ready to appreciate one. He never spoke at a dinner in London but he had one or two new stories. I may be revealing a genial little secret when I tell that amongst his more private papers I found a bulging pocket-book which was crammed with jokes and stories, written out or cut from the press, which he seems to have collected for thirty years. During the period of the limerick craze he collected hundreds, and in his eighty-fifth year his letters to his more intimate friends never fail to pass on one or two new stories or limericks. I have an idea that he composed such quips as this, which he proposed as an additional verse to a famous hymn :

Little bits of paper
Headed I O U
Bring the Christian daily
Nearer to the Jew.

His Oxford and Cambridge friends brought him all the gossip and stories that relieve academic life there. I do not remember to have seen in print this story of old Adam Sedgwick, which less religious professors told with joy. It was said that one day, near the end, he asked his bed-maker to put him near the fire. She put a cane-bottomed chair, without cushion, for him, and he said :

Do you think that when I meet my Creator, I

want to have my —— covered with hexagons ?
Put a cushion on it.

But I must hesitate where the collection is so rich and so much has been published. It is enough that the holiday life at Strafford House and aboard the *Lotus* had just as much fun as conversation of the kind one would expect where men of such ability met. Clodd imagined himself merely as the caterer, the self-effacing host, the man who saw that from cellar to bedrooms the house provided just what each guest wanted for perfect comfort. "I am," he said, "the isthmus joining the continents." But all smiled at, while they appreciated, his modesty. He was "the Great Magnet," as Morley Roberts called him. It was a few days with Clodd that they sought, not, as he pretended, a few days on the bracing coast and the river.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE NEW CENTURY

Compact of hero, scholar, artist, editor,
This learned, but not grimly austere, party,
Has stripped the duds off he and she divinities
 From Siva to Astarte ;
And now, dismayed, it seeks a guardian saint
To stay the wrath of each offended god,
And calls on thee, kind host, best son of earth,
 Warm-hearted Clodd.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

IN the *Sphere* of July 14th, 1900, Mr. Clement Shorter began his weekly Literary Letter with a few paragraphs on Clodd's sixtieth birthday. "Mr. Edward Clodd is," he wrote, "one of the best-known figures in the London literary life of to-day." Perhaps there is a little affectionate exaggeration, but Shorter had to tell how the birthday was to be marked by a dinner and the presentation of a beautiful carved oak table on which were inscribed the names of the donors : Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, George Gissing, Mrs.

W. K. Clifford, (Canon) Isaac Taylor, Walter Besant, Frederic Pollock, Scott Keltie, Ray Lankester, (General) George Robertson, Flinders Petrie, Edmund Gosse, Robertson Nicoll, Henry Norman, Clement Shorter, Max Pemberton, H. W. Massingham. L. F. Austen, and a dozen others. The table was specially designed by Larner Sugden (who was related to Clodd), presented at a dinner at the Devonshire Club, and became a very treasured ornament of the cosy little lounge of Strafford House. It was a grateful reminder to Clodd that he "had arrived"; and one is not surprised to find his Diary closing that year with a feeling reference to the road he had travelled since he had set out from Aldeburgh forty-five years earlier. He says (entirely to himself) :

One sometimes feels oneself to be on another planet. Anyway life has been full of interest and vanity. Vixi.

Clodd was emphatically one of those men who had not to die before men paid him high compliments ; nor was the note changed, as it so often is, after his death.

Yet he was still a very industrious man of business. On January 1st of that year, the Diary notes, he has been "at the office," of the Joint Stock Bank, until ten in the evening. Next

day he works at the bank until nine in the evening, reaches home at ten, and reads the proofs of his *Story of the Alphabet*. He not only attended scrupulously to his duties, but he continually sought out little supererogatory services to give pleasure to those about him. Mr. E. M. Rodocanachi sends me a letter of Clodd's of July 20th, 1900, which he treasures to this day. Mr. Rodocanachi was in that year the youngest Director of the Bank, but he had to take the chair and make the speech at the annual meeting. Next morning he received this letter from Clodd :

MY DEAR SIR,

You must allow me to say that I much enjoyed the able, well-knit and well-proportioned speech which you delivered at the meeting yesterday. There was a lightness of touch in the treatment of current topics and a clear comment on the main features of the Report which evidenced success in the absence of any criticism or question of the shareholders. It was certainly one of the best among the fifty-six to which I have listened . . .

His energy was greater than it had been in his forties. He begins to put at the head of each Diary some such motto as, "Rast ich so rost ich," and "Usefulness is the Rent we pay for Room on the Earth." We find his co-operating

with Sir W. Besant in his effort to help struggling authors. There is a letter of about this date :

MY DEAR BESANT,

I have only to-day found time to read your cogently written and interesting survey of the general situation. In my own recent transactions with publishers I have sold my books for a definite sum, which, if one loses in the long run, simplifies the transaction. The difficulty is that the larger number of authors are as wholly at the mercy of the publishers as Johnson, in the days of his bondage, was to Cave, and that no scheme avails when the author has thus committed himself. Hence it seems that no remedy can be effective which doesn't, somehow, lay hold of these weaker brethren, and this may best be secured by some combination which shall be too great a moral force for the most helpful and helpless alike to resist. The remedy therefore lies, as you suggest, in the union of the several societies whose sole aim is to protect literary property and help the unfortunate weakling. Why not invite a conference between the executives of the three bodies? There will be opposition from paid officials, but some compromise may meet any claim they have. . . .

I should add that I discover nowhere a word of personal grievance in his dealings with publish-

ers. He was able to get generous terms for his books, and he made many thousands of pounds. One finds his publisher's accounts from the beginning still preserved and neatly arranged, as were all his papers. He still also reviewed books, and a letter to Mr. Nevinson shows that after thirty years' experience he took considerable pains if the book was of any value :

. . . Why is there such hurry over reviews ? Bad books can always be scamped ; good ones, like yours and mine, are better for keeping. I did read the notice of R.L.S. in Friday's *Chronicle* ; in fact, I cut it out and inferred that Lionel Johnson had done it. I think it extremely good. The man is envisaged and his work truly discussed. I fully agree with your remark on the Essays ; they'll live, the fiction won't. I expect, had it been finished, *Weir of Hermiston* would have had a longer innings.

One does not find, however, that he accepted any "bad books" for reviewing, so nothing was scamped.

From 1900 onward one notices the slow growth, checked by his genial personal experience of life, of, not yet a general pessimistic philosophy, but a mood of occasional despondency. The South African War seems to have been responsible for the beginning of this. He was

a Liberal of the old humanitarian school, and he had the view that the war was aggressive and acquisitive. It hurt his high ideal of national conduct and lowered his estimate of contemporaries. But the increasing frequency of deaths in his circle of friends, most of whom were older than himself, had much to do with it. "Another gap in the ranks," he notes sadly from time to time. In 1904, Gissing, for whom he had had a particular affection for thirty years, died. He was just writing to Nevinson, and he says :

I am saddened this week by the news of Gissing's death. Poor, storm-tossed, brave, sensitive soul ; only in latter years has he known a little peace. His last letter to me, on October 26th, was in cheering vein. He talked of our meeting here this coming summer.

In the same letter he tells that he has just read Nevinson's latest book :

We have just finished *Between the Acts*, and no greater, if so great, an intellectual treat has been ours for many a day. 'To say 'tis worth a ton of the neurotic, erotic, anæmic stuff that pours from modern presses is like seeking to make comparison between a heap of marble chips and the Venus de Milo. . . . I tell Shorter, in peril of his eternal damnation by the Great Critic and

Judge of all, to boom the book for all he is worth in the *Sphere*.

In the same year he began to take a close interest in the work of Benjamin Harrison of Ightham. He had for some years accepted the artificial character of the Eoliths. Mr. Harrison has underlined the passage of a letter which Clodd wrote him in 1904, to say that at last he was able to come to Ightham :

I think that you know I am in agreement with those who recognize artificial, i.e. human agency in the shaping of the Eoliths.

He spent a pleasant day at Ightham, examining the flints and the sites in which they had been found, and he later wrote :

The scepticism in some quarters as to the artificial work in the Eoliths seems now to partake of the nature of obstinacy and reluctance to admit fallibility of judgment. Caution is very commendable, but, like other virtues, it may run to excess.

They remained friends until Harrison died in 1921. Just before that event Clodd wrote him :

Our friend—has given me your kind message, which is to me the symbol of a handshake. I am

glad to know it and thank you for it. There survives a pleasant memory of a long day with you, and I am delighted to hear that you are still able to do the spadework.

Clodd's acceptance of the Eoliths in his anthropological works gave Harrison some assistance in his long and stubbornly contested fight for recognition of the earliest work of human beings.

A new interest came into his life when, in 1906, he became Chairman of the Rationalist Press Association, which had not long been founded. The common references to his "aggressiveness" seem to be chiefly grounded upon his connection with this Association, over which he presided from 1906 to 1913, but the truth is that he deprecated such of its work as could fairly be described as aggressive and tried to restrain it. More than once in his letters to friends he speaks of resigning. Let me, to make his position clear, be quite candid and say that he disliked my own work in that body. It was "like firing a pistol in his ears," he genially complained. But the Association included members of all shades of thought, and Clodd rendered it very great service in spite of his disapproval of much and the refusal of many of his friends to join. Sir Frederic Pollock, for instance, replied to his suggestion :

MY DEAR CLODD,

Rationalist I am, but Agnostic I am not—being a freethinking Idealist, which is another thing ; and the R.P.A. is too much like a dogmatic agnostic propaganda for my sympathy with it to be perfect ; too much of its shooting is of the old muzzle-loading type.

These letters encouraged Clodd in his dislike of what is vaguely called aggressiveness. The R.P.A. came in time to include a number of the more distinguished writers, scientists, and historians of the day (Arnold Bennett, Ray Lankester, Haddon, Bury, Gilbert Murray, John Collier, Sidney Hartland, Eden Phillpotts, etc.), and, while a large number of others expressed sympathy with its aim though not some of its methods, Clodd felt that an imposing body of men and women could be united in his own programme of rational culture without direct criticism of religious beliefs ; which is, one supposes, what is meant by aggressiveness. He had himself passed beyond the mood in which he had once written, "Leave thou thy sister where she prays," yet as late as 1915 we find Sidney Hartland, the authority on comparative religion, writing him in the assurance that they are agreed in deprecating a certain criticism of the Bible. Hartland says :

Many of us, although we have parted from the orthodoxy in which we were brought up, are wounded by a flippant or a savage attack upon a book enwound with our early memory of our most sacred associations. It was the book of our fathers and mothers. We have abandoned their faith, but not the memory of their love and tenderness, which is for ever bound up with their attitude toward the Bible.

We must certainly not regard this as a correct description of Clodd's own attitude toward the Bible in 1915, or even 1905. Hartland had not spent nights at Box Hill or listened to all the discussions, frequently flippant, of religious matters that had been held in Strafford House.

At the same time the idea of Clodd as a Rationalist which Mr. H. G. Wells made popular in a friendly and playful caricature is misleading. Our generation has forgotten the delightful fantasia, *Boon, the Mind of the Race, the Wild Asses of the Devil, and the Last Trump*, which Mr. Wells published in 1915, and from which the current conception of Clodd was largely derived. The Edwin Dodd of the second chapter is, of course, Edward Clodd. The description runs :

Dodd is a leading man of the Rationalist Press Association, a militant (?) Agnostic, and a

dear compact man, one of those Middle Victorians who go about with a preoccupied carking air, as though, after having been at great cost and pains to banish God from the universe, they were resolved not to permit Him back on any terms whatever. He has constituted himself a sort of alert customs officer of a materialistic age, saying suspiciously, "Here, now, what is this rapping under the table here?" and examining every proposition to see that the Creator wasn't being smuggled back under some specious generalization. Boon used to declare that every night Dodd looked under his bed for the Deity and slept with a large revolver under his pillow for fear of a revelation.

During one of his visits to Strafford House, Wells developed his idea in three of his amusing pen-and-ink sketches. In the first Clodd ordered God out of the universe ; in the second he looked under his bed at night to see that God did not lurk there ; in the third God was writing a book to prove that no such person as Edward Clodd existed. It was good Strafford House fun, and the two men were on cordial terms at the time. But, though Wells will tease me for suggesting that anybody took his fun seriously, it is a fact that his very numerous readers concluded that Clodd was a " militant Agnostic " who constantly

attacked the belief in God. He was, of course, an Agnostic, in Huxley's sense, from about the age of forty until death, but he was so far from being militant and aggressive on that point that I do not seem to remember that he ever wrote anything about belief in God. Possibly it is more material that he warmly applauded William Archer's truculent attack on Mr. Wells's *God, the Invisible King*; and possibly Wells had the last word when Archer himself ended in mysticism.

In a word Clodd may be described as aggressive only in connection with Spiritualism, and in this case he went beyond his customary gentle mood because he believed that here was a recrudescence of an ancient, if not savage, superstition which seemed to him only one of many symptoms of the intellectual decay of the generation in which he had survived. It is generally true that although he still restrained his pen, except when he wrote on occultism, he became more militant or hostile in sentiment. In 1906 he visited Constantinople and Greece, and he wrote to his cousin :

I left Constantinople regretfully, because a week hardly sufficed to see all I wanted to see. I like the Turk. He is a good-natured gentlemanly fellow, perfectly harmless, unless you stir his latent fanaticism; in business dealings far

to be preferred to Greek, Armenian or Jew. I should be sorry to see Constantinople handed over to the Greek ; he would despoil the place, probably pull down the minarets and otherwise ruin the picturesqueness of the city. He has at least kept the ancient church of St. Sophia on the whole intact, and so long as no fanaticism attacks his faith, he will be content to let the different sects of Christians hold their churches. Free from their clamour, he is content to spread his carpet when the muezzin gives the call to prayer. Of course, all this tribute to the Turk has a serious set-off in the barbarism and oppression of his rule, although here it should be said that, very often, the row is begun by the turbulent fanatics. . . .

Athens is a modern German town, choked with dust and repellent with yellow glare. Indeed, one might just put on dark glasses and blinkers and make straight for the Acropolis and its immediate surroundings, then give a day to the Museum. The things that touched me most are the stele, or monuments from the Street of Tombs. These and the figures depicted on them, have a stately dignity which is in strong contrast to the skulls and crossbones and cheerlessness of Christian art, where the lowest depth of a repellent idea of death seems reached. . . . I had a refreshing time at Delphi and Parnassus.

Gladys Holman-Hunt and her fellow-lady-traveller were with me on this excursion. I have fulfilled the desire of many years in seeing Athens and the Golden Horn and have had a thorough good time, crammed with memories.

I have said that this increasing hostility in his own mind to religious beliefs was very largely due to the growing severity of his judgment of the new generation. He would still say that he could treat religion in the past with respect and sympathy, but he felt it to be a symptom of general intellectual infirmity that men clung to beliefs which, in his opinion, were excluded by the new knowledge of the race. How all this grew out of his study of anthropology we shall see in the next chapter. But there are other letters which show that his new mood did not alter the delicacy of his sentiments. In 1908 his son Arnold died in Jamaica and he got seven weeks' absence from the bank to go and settle his estate. To his son Harold, who was then in Malaya, he wrote a number of letters from which a few lines must be quoted if one is to understand every side of his character. From Jamaica he writes :

Our dear one lies in an old churchyard three miles from here, free from all carking care. He had a full life in pursuit of work that he loved,

and I dare not wish him back. But oh ! the heart-pangs that his lost cheery presence brings.

After his return to London he writes again to Harold :

'Tis hard to keep a brave heart in face of many trials that have come as years advance, but my duty to the living lends purpose to life, but for which I should crave the quiet freedom of the grave.

Months later he has not yet recovered :

Nature, wherein lies neither reward nor punishment, but only sequence of causes and consequences, flings away valuable material and keeps the worthless to cumber the earth. So the useful lives, joy-bringers to others, are swept away. All so purposeless.

Such letters may encourage the contrary legend that loss of faith darkens and embitters life, but it would be quite a false inference. Except in the few weeks of acute distress Clodd entertained at Aldeburgh and was entertained in London as cheerfully as ever. Though presently the Great War would profoundly move and sadden him, we shall find him exchanging the gayest of letters with his elderly friends in his ninth decade of life.

There was, however, much in the first decade of the new century to disturb the good Epicurean. He had in early manhood entered a circle of older and distinguished men rather than contracted friendships with men of his own age, and they were now departing. Meredith died in 1909. There was not, as in the case of Gissing, a rumour of a death-bed repentance ("set going by the ecclesiastical body-snatchers," Clodd had said impatiently to Morley Roberts), but there was an unpleasant controversy about the question of burying him in the Abbey. "A doubt if Meredith was a big enough man for the place," Hardy wrote to Clodd, "is absurd after so many others." The real line of objection, he urged, was that the Abbey was a Christian temple, and in that case it ought to have a "heathen annexe." In a later letter Hardy wrote him :

What losses we have undergone. Meredith I miss more as a man : Swinburne as a writer.

Clodd's obituary notice of Meredith was considered one of the best that appeared. In the following year Holman-Hunt died. The Victorian generation was passing away. But if Clodd now became to some extent a querulous surviving Victorian, scorning this new post-Victorian generation which boasted so much, he had a more scientific ground for his attitude

than most of his elderly contemporaries. So, at least it seemed to him, and we shall understand him better if we give a chapter to the development of his interest in anthropology and what Professor Moore calls "savage survivals."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FOLKLORIST

What care we at Whitsun, my Clodd,
For sage presidential addresses,
For Max on each Aryan god
Or Lang upon Psyche's caresses ?
What reck we if ages to come
Forget us, affront us, or quote us,
If our fame be sonorous or dumb,
As we skim o'er the Alde in the Lotus ?

GRANT ALLEN.

IN an earlier chapter I described how Clodd's mind was directed to anthropology, which became the all-pervading interest of his later life. His adolescent eyes opened upon an intellectual world which seethed with discussion of evolution and fought great battles round the figures of Darwin, Spencer, and Huxley. With the direct bearing of all this new science on religious beliefs he does not seem ever to have been greatly concerned. At least he has written almost nothing about it. He was attracted rather to the evolutionary lesson of anthropology, as Tylor tentatively developed it. It taught him

to regard the savage world as the real workshop in which man's ideas and institutions were framed. In some curious way, which the science of anthropology was not yet sufficiently advanced to explain, branches of the race remained at all the levels of culture through which the higher sections had passed, and we to-day see them making gods and kings just as surely as we see them making pots and huts in the way our ancestors did.

As early as 1875 we find him speaking for the London Sunday Lecture Society, which used to meet in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Sunday afternoons, on "The Birth and Growth of Myth, and its Survival in Folk-Lore, Legend and Dogma." All these were, he explained, survivals of primitive man's attempts to "interpret the meaning of his surroundings." He followed Tylor's animism and regarded primitive man as concluding that in every movement in nature the force was akin to the human will. In 1882 he developed the idea in an essay on Dreams which he contributed to Richard Proctor's "Knowledge Library." It is, for the time, an acute discussion of the psychology of the savage mind and its proneness to put a supernatural interpretation on dreams. His real purpose is to suggest how science is now replacing supernaturalist interpretations, and all

such in our modern life must be regarded as survivals of a phase of infancy which we are supposed to have outgrown.

This idea he further expanded in a small work, *Myths and Dreams*, which he published in 1885. The aim is "to present in compendious form the evidence which myths and dreams supply as to primitive man's interpretation of his own nature and of the external world" and to show "that in what is for convenience called myth lie the germs of philosophy, theology and science." He rises to the personification of the powers of nature and the meaning of totemism, and he begins to throw a few sarcastic remarks at Spiritualism as a system in which "man clings to the shadow after abandoning the substance of the supernatural," a system in which "fools still pay their guineas to mediums." He already makes one exception to his general determination to treat all religious ideas with sweet reasonableness.

From the first he introduces a good deal of folk-lore with his essays. These stories, he says, "amused our youthhood, and they may instruct our manhood; they express the wonder deep-seated in the heart of man." His activity in the Folk-Lore Society developed his interest along this line. Folk-lore he defined, after Gomme, as "the survival of traditional ideas and prac-

tices among a people when primitive men have passed beyond the stage of civilization which those ideas and practices once represented." Hitherto he had not done much more than diligently collect his facts from Tylor, Spencer, etc., but, starting from old Suffolk tales which he remembered hearing in boyhood, he began to make some original study.

In 1893 we find him giving a public lecture at Ipswich on one such Suffolk story, "Tom-tit-tot." A lady who had heard it from an old nurse had told it in the *Ipswich Journal*, and Clodd's wide reading enabled him to trace a parallel with similar stories in far-distant lands. He saw at once that the Suffolk story was a variant of Grimm's "Rumpelstiltskin," and, as his interest grew, he discovered other variants in many parts of the world. He mentioned this in a conversation with Gerald Duckworth at the Savile Club in 1897, and Duckworth suggested a book. Clodd's letter to Duckworth a few days later shows his attention to the business side of authorship :

Thanks for yours of yesterday's date. Putting the matter discussed by us into business shape, I undertake to write a book, to be entitled—subject to any alteration that may be approved by us—Tom-Tit-Tot, or Savage Philosophy in

Folk-Lore, for which, all rights included, I agree to accept the sum of £150, to be paid on the day of publication.

The book appeared in the following year. It is the most original of his works and was highly appreciated by experts as well as a general public. It is a study of "the philosophy of folk-tales," much esteemed in the days when it was discovered that the fairy-tales of our nursery, from Cinderella to Bluebeard, were embodiments of the deep reflections of some primitive sage. The story need not be repeated here. It is enough to say that parallel stories were traced by Clodd in Irish, Welsh, British, French, Austrian, German, Basque, even Mongolian literature, and that they led on to a general study of the attitude of the savage mind to names, which he would later study in a separate work.

Meantime he had been elected President of the Folk-Lore Society, and his Presidential Addresses in 1895 and 1896 had had lively sequels. On January 16th, 1895, he gave the first at the annual meeting. After a general survey of the Society's work and the literature of the preceding year he discussed myths, legends and stories on the lines of the new science of anthropology, as contrasted with the discredited philological analysis of them. He calls Folk-Lore

"the psychical side of anthropology" and extracts from it a proof, in support of the doctrine of evolution, of the identity of the human mind and the general lines of its progress all over the earth. He is, of course, chiefly concerned with the advance from a vague primitive animism to a definite belief in spirits and gods. This provocative theme, as it must have been to at least a few members of the Society, he tried to divest of offence by pointing out that, since it was an entirely natural and inevitable development of the early mind, all these myths were entitled to our respect in their primitive and proper environment. But he could not resist the temptation to pass on to "another order of superstitions," the class of superstitions that has "the patronage of the Society of Psychical Research" and has "no nobility about them." What particularly annoyed the students of the subject was that he included in one group the tricks of mediums and the phenomena of telepathy and clairvoyance. "We may bracket them all together," he says impatiently. It is all "old animism writ large."

Incidentally Clodd had quoted a story of human sacrifice in the Abruzzi in modern times on which his critics fastened. But he had followed the sufficient authority of Canon Pullan, who had, says Hartland, "got hold of a cock-and-

bull story and blundered over it." The graver offence was to use the chair of the Folk-Lore Society to attack psychical research, and it led to an unwelcome controversy, which did not, however, strain their friendly relations, with Andrew Lang. Lang called himself a Psycho-Folklorist and sent a criticism to the *Journal* of the Society. He genially admitted that he was the only member of his sect, but he rather effectively replied, in friendly tone, to Clodd's plea that it was all the animism of the savage by quoting the many European professors who were seriously interested in psychical research. Unfortunately for himself, he appealed to the achievements of the famous Italian medium, Eusapia Palladino, and in that very year she was detected in fraud by Myers and other leading members of the Psychical Research Society at Cambridge. Lang was reluctant to yield. "The secret of her good tricks is as dark as ever," he wrote to Clodd, in the vein of her Italian admirers, and "of course at her best she is painfully inferior to Home." The history of the movement was still imperfectly written, or Clodd (who was misled by Podmore's too gentle treatment of Home) might have retorted more heavily.

As it was he was able in his second presidential address to justify his strictures by a reference

to the recent exposure of Eusapia. His general theme was a further development of his first proposition : that the serious contribution of Folk-Lore to science lies in its proof of the identity everywhere and continuity of the human mind. He quoted new instances of savage beliefs and practices, and amongst these he referred to a group of customs of savage communion or "eating the god." Laying aside his habitual restraint as regards contemporary beliefs, as he always did when he confronted modern occultism, he referred sarcastically to the communion service at Hawarden Church, in which "a great statesman often read the lessons." (Perhaps I should add that he had lost his early admiration of Gladstone on account of Home Rule.) He had read in the *British Weekly* that notices were served to the congregation at the communion service asking that those who had not communicated should sing "Thou art with us now," instead of "Thou art in us now." A few weeks later Mr. Gladstone sent in his resignation as a member of the Folk-Lore Society. He had, he said, wrongly supposed that the aim of the Society was to collect facts about folk-lore, and, though he was one of the original members of it, he could not, as a single individual, hope to influence its policy. Clodd has pasted Gladstone's letter, which the secretary

gave him and over which he often chuckled, in the graingerised volume of his presidential addresses. That volume, by the way, is another illustration of the thoroughness of his method of study. In preparing the addresses he had read very extensively, but for years afterwards he continued to gather material and write or paste it at the relevant parts of his text. He was no light opponent in controversy. As Professor Armstrong says, he "read accurately," and he had a remarkably good memory.

By the second Address, in which Clodd completed his attack on Spiritualism and Psychic Research and went on to criticize Catholic practices, he nearly caused a schism in the Society. The officials were alarmed by the letters which reached them. One member hailed Clodd's Addresses as "a landmark in the intellectual emancipation of our time," but many others threatened to secede. The committee asked Clodd to consent that his Addresses need not be printed in the *Journal* of the Society, and he rightly refused.

From that time until his death he was certainly aggressive as regards what he believed to be savage errors that reappeared in a more or less modern dress, though he continued to treat with great sympathy and feeling these old beliefs and speculations in their proper place.

In his introduction to a new edition of Hans Andersen he says :

The secret of the endless charm of the nursery tale is to be found largely in the appeal it makes to the feeling of wonder, a feeling which the rough-and-tumble of life, pushing out thoughts that would assert themselves in the pauses of working hours, may suppress, but which can never wholly die. For a thousand sources keep it fresh in youthhood, and, when the fairest dreams give place to realities, more is won than lost, while the craving to reach the meaning of things, the why as well as the how, remains existent though unsatisfied. Great, therefore, is the world's debt to the ballad-singer and the story-teller of times ago ; great its debt to him who resets the old, or transfuses it with new meanings or who, with creative touch, weaves fresh stories for the delight of the young and of those who wisely keep their hearts young.

To the end he kept very clearly in his mind this distinction between the guesses of primitive, or even early civilized man, which are to be respected, and modern developments or derivations of those guesses which, in the cultural environment of our time, he could not respect. The chief difference in this respect in his mental attitude in later years was that until his sixtieth

year he shared the optimistic Victorian expectation that the new truths of science would be accepted by all, and what he regarded as lingering superstitions would be instinctively abandoned. After 1900 he came to feel, from reasons which we shall see better in the next chapter, that the community generally was falling away from the mental alertness of the earlier generation, and that, on the other hand, organized bodies of officials (mediums, priests, etc.) had more influence in checking growth than he had supposed. He had in his own mind always been "aggressive," in some sense, to the current creeds. There is in manuscript, a poem which he wrote at Gibraltar in 1888, after he had travelled through Spain and seen the contrast of the remains of a superb Moorish civilization and the Christian system which slumbered on its ruins. I quote a few verses to illustrate his sentiments at the age of forty-eight :

From East he brought his art, his care,
The song, the tale, the throbbing lute ;
And clothed the land with trees that bare
Their golden fruit.

The fountains, fed from waters cool,
That rippled in the shady court,
Image the fount of that famed school
Which pupils brought

From northern lands to slake their thirst.
 Now schools are perished, waters dried ;
 Soft ease brought sure decay, as erst
 When Roderic died.

The columned mosques of Spain are turned
 To Christian uses ; lamps they bore
 Melted to Christian bells, and incense burned,
 While priests before

The altars uplift Christ the Son ;
 Broken upon creedmaker's prism
 Allah the One is Three in One,
 A god in schism.

Oh, blinder than muezzin blind,
 What profit, weavers of the creeds,
 From these wordspinnings of the mind
 For human needs ?

Where'er, inspired by love of man,
 The kindly, selfless deed is done,
 Though priest and Church the worker ban
 Is God above.

Thirty years afterwards he was asked to say, in a symposium, who were the six greatest men in history : one of those futile competitions in which men who enjoy their hour in the Press but have never given any evidence of study of history lightly settle the greatest of sociological issues. Clodd would not include Christ, but only on the ground that he was revered by so

many millions as a God, and the time had not yet come to appraise him as a man. Clodd's six greatest men, by the way, were Buddha, Aristotle, Bacon, Shakespeare, Darwin, and Pasteur. To the end he held that he was not against "religion." In letters to *The Times* in December, 1923, he protested that he stood for "true religion *versus* superstition and obscurantism." It had become clear that an effort was being made to introduce denominational instruction into schools, and he protested that it was not honest to impose on children doctrines which were repudiated by such recognized Church leaders as Bishop Barnes, Dean Inge, and others. Quoting Dean Inge's saying that "miracles must be relegated to the sphere of pious opinion," he said :

The significance of that conviction as bearing upon the proposed reimposition of discredited dogmas will appeal to all who, in the interests of the highest morality, deprecate children being taught as facts what is admitted to be fiction.

Being challenged, he explained more clearly for what he stood :

For the cultivation of the religious instinct—indestructible as this is—in all schools in such a way that no part of the teaching shall clash

with the great body of facts adduced by every branch of science, from comparative biology, comparative ethics, and notabest of all comparative theology, wherein the Bible is shown to fall into due place among the sacred writings of great religions, differing from other Scriptures only in degree and not in kind. The teaching running on these lines would have the certain effect of deepening the sense which is stifled or misdirected by superstition and obscurantism with their baleful dogmas, which all are a heritage from the ages of ignorance.

I quote these fragmentary reflections, during forty years of literary life, to make clear how unjust it was to speak, as one influential journalist did, of "the ruthless catlike antagonism which blinks its small green eyes in the pages of Mr. Edward Clodd." Hundreds of thousands read that.

It was only towards Spiritualism that Clodd showed any strong antagonism, and the many scientific men with whom he was in communication use even stronger language in their letters, though they generally published nothing. I may say that even at this period Clodd corresponded in very friendly and courteous terms with such Spiritualist leaders as Mr. Gow, but the advance of the movement and the blatant multiplication

and prosperity of mediums when the land throbbed with distress and yearning from 1914 to 1918 roused his generous resentment. In 1917 he was moved to write his chief work on the subject : *The Question : If a man die, shall he rise again ?* which is dedicated to Professor Armstrong, who was in warm agreement with him. Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* had irritated him, and when he found it reviewed in *Nature* as "scientifically important" and "written in a scientific temper," he felt once more that a mentally weaker generation had succeeded that of Huxley, Spencer, and Clifford. In the end he addresses himself directly to Sir Oliver Lodge in a very sharply worded apostrophe. "You," he says, "who have attained high rank as a physicist descend to the plane of the savage animist." The peculiar value of the book is that, from his large knowledge of anthropology, he is able to supply analogies at every turn with the beliefs and practices of savages. To the question embodied in his title he finally answers :

Science can answer neither Yes nor No : all that can be said is that the evidence supplied by comparative psychology does not support the belief in a future life.

Elsewhere, in a letter to the Press, he is more emphatic :

My disbelief in immortality is based upon the evidence supplied by evolution that there is no breach in psychical continuity between the lowest and the highest living things. Hence, if a soul be accorded to man, it cannot be denied to the creatures beneath him. . . .

In that conviction he never wavered as long as life lasted.

He was eighty years old when he published his last book, *Magic in Names and Other Things* (1920), and it shows how he kept his mental vitality and his negative convictions. The motto prefixed to the book is, "To know the name of things is to have power over their soul," and he collects a large and curious collection of facts from anthropology. In this section the book is an expansion of a lecture which he gave for the Royal Institution in March, 1917. It is an admirable and erudite study of certain phases of the development of savage beliefs. To the known facts he adds some from the earlier conversations with his many traveller friends, as when Paul du Chaillu told him that once, when he had his hair cut in Africa, the natives, including the king, scrambled for the hair.

But Clodd could now not resist an opportunity to attack the modern development which he called revivals of ancient animism and he has

severe criticisms of both Spiritualism and Christianity. The last sentence goes far beyond his life-long rule, that his business was to explain not to attack :

It is to the persistence of primitive ideas and superstitions that the facts presented in this book bring their cloud of witnesses, among whom it came to the present writer as a surprise that there would be included a Most Reverend Father in God, "by Divine Providence" Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and ten Right Reverend Bishops "by Divine Providence," who, assembled in Convocation, avowed their belief in magic in the name of Jesus.

This more critical note must be understood as in very large part due to a feeling that the slowness of the new generation to abandon outworn dogmas, which Dean Inge constantly predicted, was a dangerous sign of decay of courage and mental virility. "Scratch the epiderm of civilized man," he says in this book, "and the barbarian is found in the derm." He felt that his own Victorian generation had had the strength to control these impulses below the surface of the mind, and that in this new control the latter part of the nineteenth century had set the world at last on the path of real progress. Now he doubted the progress. He turned

again to Dean Inge, for whom he had in many respects a high admiration, and endorsed his saying that there is "no proof that man has changed since the first Stone Age." And, since the opinion of Dean Inge on such a question is not very weighty—has, indeed not the least value—he adds the high authority of Professor Elliot Smith that there has been "no far-reaching change."

This note recurs in the two lectures he gave at the Royal Institution on May 17th and 24th, 1921. His title was *Occultism*, and the burden is the same. If he had not so much detested Mr. G. B. Shaw he would have borrowed his Butlerian philosophy, that the Vital Spirit in man has forsworn its high destiny and no longer makes progress. He surveys what he regards as the innumerable symptoms that in the first quarter of the twentieth century the controlling film of civilisation is actually thinning and the primitive man reappearing. Even the most friendly critic must find him in these lectures a little weary and rambling—he rambles from Spiritualism and astrology to the Angels of Mons and the Russian troops in England—yet he has a firm grasp of his main argument. The Victorians had too much confidence in the triumph of reason. It was supposed to have conquered the Old Adam, whereas "there has been no far-reaching or

progressive modification of instincts and emotions." Those who are surprised that a champion of the idea of evolution, which usually leads to an optimistic attitude, should come to this conclusion should know that Clodd could have quoted in his favour more than one British and American expert on prehistoric man. But why and how this insistence that man had made no mental progress since the Magdalenian Age got into modern science cannot be discussed here. Add the influence of the new Pragmatist school of psychology (Dewar, Schiller, etc.) and such terrible contemporary facts as the Great War and the sheer impotence of the statesmanship of Europe to meet the economic consequences, and you begin to understand that Clodd's comparative pessimism was by no means a mere symptom of weariness. His life-interest in anthropology, his quick perception of the analogy of what he termed occultist practices to the practices of savages, led him to lay particular stress on these as symptoms of our modern degeneration. He had begun with a very sympathetic study of Folk-Lore as an innocent savage survival. He ends, in these Royal Institution Lectures on Occultism, by quoting Voltaire's words, "*Ecrasez l'infâme !*"

CHAPTER IX

THE YEARS OF RETIREMENT

No man has stood higher in the esteem of those who have known him. He had a wonderful genius for friendship.

Prof. H. E. ARMSTRONG (on Clodd).

THIS critical activity and the vein of pessimism that seems to run through it have been taken by many as pre-eminently characteristic of Clodd in his latter years, and I have therefore fully recorded and explained them. It might have occurred to those who take this view that it is singularly at variance with the range and warmth of his friendships. Most of the men who were so strongly attracted to him, whatever their opinions, entirely refrained from the criticism of religious beliefs and did not esteem Clodd the more highly for his critical work. To all of them it would seem the height of absurdity to apply to him such epithets as "catlike" and "green-eyed," while his unflattering estimate of contemporary life seemed to most of them an amiable aberration. The Clodd they knew and appreciated as few men were appreciated was an

ever-cheerful, kindly, generous, fine-natured man whose chief joy was in ministering to the comfort of, while he enjoyed the companionship of, his friends. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, who met him first in his sixty-ninth year, wrote of him in the *Cornhill* :

In these surroundings Edward Clodd radiated a peculiar blend of benevolence, scholarship, and wit. His welcome on arrival had for me all the charm of a Handelian aria with its genial but well-ordered gaiety. A week-end, whether alone with him and some crony like Cotton, or on the full-dress scale, meant a continuous flow of good talk, good cheer, and physical and intellectual exhilaration. . . . One naturally dwells on the conviviality of the atmosphere, but it was intellectually as bracing as the climate. One found short cuts to knowledge everywhere, and I have never known anyone so quick at finding a document or a quotation as Edward Clodd, with the possible exception of Mr. Tedder, the famous librarian of the *Athenæum*. . . .

Clodd wrote (in the *Fortnightly Review*) one of the best essays in modern literature on friendship ("Dr. Johnson and Cicero on Friendship"), and these occasional essays—I would recommend also one on "Matthew Arnold's Poetry" (of which he had the highest admiration) in the

Gentleman's Magazine—reflect his personality much more truly than his scientific or controversial works.

From this point onward, however, we have an abundance of his letters, and I shall be generally content to let him reveal himself during the remaining twenty years of his life. In these, one rarely finds the darker shades which give the reader of his books a wrong impression. The old friends die off one by one, and he has the invariable reflection of the elderly that, since they were men who had accomplished great things, the new generation does not seem to reach their stature. The Great War, too, falls in this period, and to Clodd war was simply barbarism, the worst proof that man is as yet only superficially civilized. Yet in spite of all the shadows that are cast upon his life it remains normally sunny and benevolent, a source of deep satisfaction to himself and joy to his friends. The motto prefixed to his *Diary* for the year 1910, from which this chapter begins, is Omar's :

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend.

But he immediately adds : " I am glad to be still vigorous for work—the idea of retirement is repugnant to me." In the following year Sir Alfred Lyall died, and the very high apprecia-

tion of him which Clodd expresses in *Memories* tells us how acutely he felt this new gap in the rank of old friends. His long friendship with Lyall, a very grave and thoughtful man, reminds us that Strafford House was no mere centre of gaiety. A distinguished living scholar wrote Clodd after Lyall's death :

His was a finely balanced mind, but perhaps, as you suggest, the balance was not quite suitable for a man of action.

The same writer and friend amused Clodd by adding :

Have you seen Lord Avebury's book ? I fear that he or I is or am in his or my dotage, for such a string of misapprehensions (so far as I am concerned) I have rarely met with as are packed into his work.

The first Mrs. Clodd also died in the year 1911, and she was buried, with a sympathetic epitaph chosen by him from the Bible, in the old churchyard at Aldeburgh.

New friends filled the gaps in the circle, and in 1912 he bought *Lotus II* and resumed his hospitality. A larger yacht would, he says in his Diary, need two men and not be able to navigate the Alde as he wished to do. His skipper, by the way, was a Plymouth Brother who would not

sail on a Sunday. But Clodd greatly esteemed him and found a substitute for him when he wished to sail on Sundays. He writes to Mr. Nevinson, giving us some idea of the new circle :

'Tis nice to be kept in remembrance, and the evidence of this which greeted me here last night is most welcome (a copy of Nevinson's latest book). You heap Ossa on Pelion, and there'll have to be a special niche in the *ex dono auctorum* shelves for you and Frazer, whose books come in battalions. Much of what your book contains is familiar to me, but there remains a plenty which I shall gleefully read, for whether one agrees or not, you are supremely interesting and suggestive. But, at the core, we are one in aim, urged by a holy dissatisfaction, although we may not be one in method. . . . Can you come by the five o'clock train on the 3rd October and meet Cotton and Sully, staying till the Monday morning? I am keeping the yacht afloat till then, and, if fine, you shall have a sail and do the helmsman. Bury sent me his book ; it is wholly admirable. There are Gibbonian pricks, as when he says, "fortunately the Greeks had no Bible." I fear that his health is very poor. He hasn't felt up to coming here this year. So rare a type of the Professor in full emancipation can ill be spared.

To Morley Roberts he writes, congratulating him on his work on Gissing :

If there were no other cause of the heartiest and friendliest regard for you, your championship of our dear Gissing would suffice to make that feeling abiding. . . . I sit in a room charged with hallowed memories, the deeper because the counterfeit presentments of so many departed surround me.

He is engaged in re-writing *The Childhood of the World* and he tells Morley Roberts :

'Twill be like Pat's knife, new blades and new handle.

In the same year, 1913, he was appointed a magistrate, and he wrote to Mr. Haynes :

I am appointed a magistrate for this city. I mention this not to warn you to be careful whenever you are here, but to ask you if ——'s *Justices' Note Book* is the book for me to have.

Haynes sent him about this time a copy of Havelock Ellis's *Psychology of Sex*, and his comment on it is interesting :

MY DEAR HAYNES,

I found your most kind present of Havelock Ellis's *Psychology of Sex* here. I have been able only to dip into it, but enough to see that it

is full of interest and profound significance. I wish that it had been published when I was a younger man ; so much that one would have been the better for knowing was not talked about. . . . I am overwhelmed with work.

He adds curious details, which he has found in an old work in his library, about the sex-life of Pepys.

I have said that the South African War had caused him great distress, and it seems to have been the first occasion to him to look for signs of degeneration in the new century. One can quite understand that the European War which now broke out gave him many hours of depression and strengthened his unflattering estimate of the time. To his friend Mr. Stockley he wrote in 1915 :

What a dark Christmas this will be under so many rafters. And what a satire of the ages of progress, as we call them, is this re-barbarisation.

Three years later he wrote him at Christmas :

Merry and Happy are terms in suspense, but this only emphasizes the wishes we reciprocate that they may soon have replacement. The outlook is dark, but 'tis our duty not to add to the gloom.

The talk about the world fit for heroes and the war to end war made him very angry :

If people would care to glean even smatterings of anthropology and history, they would learn that human nature is unchanged since the dateless past when man, in the arrogant assumption of his success, became *homo sapiens*. All the primitive instincts and emotions are with us and in us. We have barely reached a stage, which the majority may never attain, when we can be classed as reasoning or reasonable beings.

In a letter to the *Daily News* he wrote :

For many a day after the ending of the war our literature will be deeply coloured by it ; let us hope that the seriousness which the story begets will abide amongst us so that the tradition of the writers who have won fame by standing on their heads may cease to be the inspiration of the historians, novelists and poets of to-morrow.

Yet, profoundly as the terrible catastrophe confirmed what I have called his anthropological view of human nature, and some might call his pessimistic philosophy, there was not the least moroseness or bitterness. In large part this was because the first year of the war coincided with his second marriage. He married Phyllis Rope, a Suffolk lady who was then studying

biology at the Royal College of Science. As he remained in London another year, before retiring from the bank, she continued her studies, but he retired in 1915, and they made their home permanently in Aldeburgh. Her cheerful, stimulating, and active companionship helped him greatly over the dark years. Then, too, the retirement from the bank in 1915 evoked a chorus of friendship and admiration to which he could not be insensible. He was particularly gratified to read in the *Investor's Review* :

He is one of those by no means rare, and yet peculiarly select, band of men who may be described as "literary bankers," and his fame as a follower of the scientific school of Darwin and Huxley is world-wide. He was none the less, like the late Walter Bagehot, a shrewd and excellent handler of credit.

Many bankers, colleagues, and even humbler employees of the bank wrote to express their regret at his departure. "We have been so much the subjects of your kindheartedness," one of the clerks wrote him. The Vicar of Aldeburgh wrote him a very friendly letter, saying how glad they all were that he had come to make the town his permanent residence : a generous gesture, since the groups that had enlivened Strafford House for twenty years had not

materially enlarged his congregation. From personal friends the messages were endless and warming. John Browning, who now lived in retirement in Cheltenham—"the city of three per cents," Clodd called it—wrote :

You have made many friends and few, if any, enemies, though you have been a daring and fearless fighter in the course of right.

Sir J. G. Frazer, who from this time onward wrote Clodd constant long letters in his patient schoolboyish hand, sloping down the page, wrote that he now anticipated "a great outburst of literary activity." Sidney Low facetiously asked if the age of seventy-five assigned to him in the Press was not a misprint for forty-five. It was good to find so many still with pens in their hands, though the older men were not cheerful. Sir Mortimer Durand, deep in war-duties, wrote : "I thought they had broken my heart seven years ago but they had not." Sidney Hartland, not far from his end, said : "So you have joined the seventy-fivers, as I did a few months ago." Clement Shorter, L. Gomme, Scott Keltie, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Morley Roberts and many others, made up a florilegium of appreciations which he gratefully preserved. He joked with all about his age. To an old Suffolk friend, C. Ganz, he wrote :

There is a story (not in Genesis) about Methusalem, who was touchy about his age. But one day he admitted to an old friend that he was 775. Said the flatterer : You don't look a day older than six hundred.

To Nevinson he wrote just before he left the bank :

MY DEAR NEVINSON,

Good-bye and good luck. Come to Aldeburgh when you are back and free. I say to Aldeburgh, because after sitting in this secretarial chair for more than forty-three years, these preceded by nine years in the outer office, I retire to my beloved house on June 30th and, after some time of solitary boredom in diggings, I shall have with me as a dear and prized intellectual comrade, a woman whom I married a few weeks back.

I should add that his distress at the War was not deepened by any feeling that his own country was at fault. Mr. Haynes says that "all his principles of toleration vanished at the sight of a conscientious objector during the War. He appreciated, too, the bravery and sacrifices. To Morley Roberts he wrote, on receiving a copy of his *War Lyrics* :

'Tis not easy to strike new notes on the theme. When one has paid tribute to the bravery and

chivalry and put to sad music the thought impelled by the wastage of the flower of our young manhood, little is left over on which to dwell. . . . I hope the little volume will find a big public to greet it, although soft music such as yours is apt to be unheard when the Kipling drum is beaten.

The truth is that, much as the war contributed to reduce his hopes of progress and his estimate of the race, most of his letters continued to express the geniality of his temperament. Typical is a letter he wrote to Mr. Haynes in February, 1916, when so many were beginning to lose heart :

MY DEAR HAYNES,

On the theory of probabilities (i.e. as indicated by the Bills of Mortality) we may meet a dozen or so times more in this world—certainly we shan't in the next, for I would apply to you the widow's lament on the headstone

He has reached the heavenly shore,
I shall never see him more.

—hence, against our next crack and chop together, I should like to hear how you and your dear ones fare. By fare I don't mean food, as to the superiority of which over ours I know well. Thanks to an ever-grabbing State ours is :

Breakfast : Porridge—jam-on-toast.

Luncheon : Tripe, or scrag end of neck of mutton.

Tea : Toast, and occasionally butter on it.

Dinner : Soup and milk pudding.

Sometimes we exchange luncheon fare for these, to vary.

Luxury : One cigar *per diem*.

So if you are a Conscientious Objector, you won't come here any more—at least during the War. But if a sausage roll in addition to the fare will tempt you from the City of Dreadful Night, pray yield to so enticing a bait. Anyway, there's the sea and a bed. . . . But you can see through this letter, that I send it as bait to lure one from you and thus to hear of you and yours.

Our united kindest remembrances,

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD CLODD.

The letter to Mr. Stockley from which I have quoted his gloomiest words—that the end of the War means relief but no exhilaration, that the outlook is dark, and so on—ends with limericks and humorous stories. Apropos of his wife's hunt for a cook, he tells of a parson who gave this testimonial to his departing cook :

She is honest and industrious, but, when she

sends the joint to table, it may be a bloody sacrifice or a burnt offering.

To George Whale he wrote in the middle of the War :

. . . Sir Charles Waldstein tells me of the youngster who, told by his mother that God is All-powerful, asked if God could make a stone so heavy that He could not lift it Himself. I told this to a humourless mother who gave me her imaginary reply. I forget it. But you remember the man who, putting on his red flannel shirt, warranted not to shrink after its first wash, was asked by his wife : " What is that coral necklace you are wearing ? " I have suffered over that, too, for another humourless woman to whom I told it said : " But no shirt could shrink like that." Oh God ! oh Montreal !

To many correspondents he makes the joke that he is learning the three R's once more : Rail, Raid, and Rations. In the summer of 1917, when spirits were at their lowest, he wrote to Dr. Macleod Yearsley, a new and greatly esteemed friend :

Of Miss Clara Codd—fishy name, as mine is Earthy—I know nothing. She evidently believes she existed before, but not as you and I might hold, in some aquatic or pelagic ancestor.

This is really the dominant note in his letters even during the war, and after his retirement he found great joy in writing long letters, especially to his friends George Whale and Mr. Stockley, both retired like himself and fond of a good story.

But he watches life and literature as keenly as ever. He reads Sir Ronald Ross's *Philosophies* and tells Mr. Nevinson that he has read it "with sympathy and full appreciation of the cries of a lonely soul that, looking into the face of things, sees that man must be his own Redeemer." He adds :

Probably Jesus would, were He here to-day, be on the Committee of the Fabian Society. Certainly He wouldn't get into the Athenæum, for I am sure the bishops would blackball him.

The expulsion of the Turks from Palestine took his mind back to his old impressions of the Turk, but he is no longer quite so sure of his superiority. "Tweedledum to Tweedledee," he, writing to Haynes, calls the proposal to hand over the Holy Places to the Greeks. To the *Daily News* he wrote on the subject :

I see in to-day's issue that there is a movement afoot to displace Mahomet in favour of Jesus. As comment on this, I also see that the Christian sects are having squabbles over their various

preserves in Jerusalem. If the Oxford man who wrote a reply to my letter were consistent, he would support the surrendering of all the churches and cathedrals which were built by the Catholics in pre-Reformation days . . .

These letters to the *News* and *Chronicle*—though there were many also to *The Times*—suggest that he was still a Liberal in politics, but it was with a considerable difference. He now took little interest in politics and distrusted the entire political mechanism. When Mr. Haynes sent him a copy of his *Decline of Liberty in England*, he replied :

It has brought home to one reader, with increasing emphasis, the need of such a book, and it has impressed me in the skill of execution as a well-reasoned and well-written treatise. One has been made to feel the tendency of so-called Liberalism to restrict personal liberty, while at the same time claiming to remove the chains which chafe and bind us ; which as Euclid says, is absurd. How to abolish the one and secure the other passes my wit, but there should surely be possibility of creating some machinery to effect this.

To the curiosities of medieval thought which Mr. Haynes gives in his book he suggests the

addition of these, which Sir Frederic Pollock culled from Johnston's *Holy Christian Church* :

Absolution for him who has carnal connection with his mother, sister or other kinswomen	. 5 groats
For him who deflowers a virgin	. 6 groats
A grand dispensation for life	. 25 groats

It was many years since he had found it impossible to read Casanova.

But he had the happy thought of distracting his attention from the war and filling the early years of his retirement by writing *Memories*, the record of the notable friendships he had enjoyed and a series of fine characteristics of the men. Though his controversial work had by this time begotten a certain amount of personal hostility, and one knows how some reviewers in the Press are apt to abuse their functions to express this, the book was justly greeted quite generally as an exceptionally fine addition to the library of reminiscences. The *Chronicle* thought it "typical of what is best in English friendship and character." The *Telegraph* concluded : "We close this illuminating register of friendship with genuine regret"; and even the *Morning Post*, which hardly liked the philosophy he interlarded with his sketches, generously said that the book was "a notable treasury of remembrances,

pellucid as ever." Considering that he was in his seventy-seventh year when he wrote it, the freshness, vigour, and humour are certainly remarkable ; while the modesty with which he ignores the significance of his high friendships is very characteristic. It was left to Morley Roberts to conclude that Strafford House must be " the magnetic pole of the universe."

The richest reward to Clodd was the inpour of warm letters from the few old friends who lingered on the scene and the equally enthusiastic new friends. Lionel Johnson wrote :

I should like to add the note of my penny trumpet to swell the chorus which has striven to do honour to you and justice to your *Memories*. What to my mind distinguishes it from all other books of recollections—generally the invention or perversion of half-forgotten incidents—is that your memories are of men and women whom you have *known*, not whom you have met.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan and the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco were other Catholic friends who wrote appreciatively ; and such letters confirmed his feeling that he had embarked on controversy only from a feeling of duty and with a sense of moderation. A few religious readers sent him twopenny tracts, feeling sure that these would modify the views which he had acquired

after fifty years' study of science and anthropology. Eden Phillpotts wrote with the customary glowing warmth of his letters. Sir Arthur Keith paid the dry compliment of saying that *Memories* had for three weeks helped him to get to sleep and he was sorry to come to the end. Scott Keltie, Sidney Hartland ("a very happy embalment of the remains of those genial souls we have lost"), Professor Bury, Sir J. G. Frazer, Sir Mortimer Durand, Mr. Nevinson, and all surviving old friends read the book with delight. Beattie Crozier wrote, warmly and pathetically :

I have just finished reading your *Memories* to my wife, who is blind—and I am getting on that way too. . . . Well, though the curtains for both of us are gradually being drawn closer for the night, like Roman gladiators we can only salute one another with the *Ave atque Vale* as we pass.

Morley Roberts wrote :

I am thinking of giving you another nickname—that of the Great Magnet. Mecca may be a Kibiah of the universe, but Aldeburgh is the Magnetic Pole, and I perceive some ferric affinity in me to all these others. Modest as you always are, you can't help having a hidden music which subtly chants your own qualities of genial general comprehension.

Clement Shorter wrote a sheaf of his long letters, sprawling over his immense sheets of writing paper. Clodd has asked him for a real criticism, but Shorter can say only that some of the chapters, especially on living men, are too scrappy and scanty. He dislikes reminiscences and has refused an offer (which, however, he seems later to have accepted) of two hundred pounds for his own. One has to conceal too much truth, he says ; and he illustrates by his experience of a lady in a train introducing herself to him as Lady —— and exclaiming, when he protests that he has just visited Lady ——, “ Oh, you mean that hussy who goes about with him in public.” He warns Clodd that Hardy will greatly resent being put in one of the less-distinguished groups of the book. Feeling was not cordial between Hardy and Shorter, yet I may say that in a letter to Clodd at the time of Shorter’s last illness in 1926, Hardy says : “ We are sorry to miss him in the *Sphere*.” As Shorter found the chief defect of the book that it was too short, Clodd was certainly not perturbed. Yet to his acknowledgment Shorter replied at once :

MY DEAR EDWARD,

What a dear boy you are ! I am in anxiety until I receive your letter as to how many swear words would be contained in your reply.

The only serious criticism came from the widow and son of Professor Romanes, who resented the statement that he was deeply impaired in physical and mental strength when he, in his last two years, is said to have been reconciled with the Church. Mrs. Romanes assured Clodd that Sir John Burdon-Sanderson, who saw her husband every day during his final illness, emphatically denied that there was any mental decay. Clodd at once had a note embodying her protest printed for insertion in any further copies of *Memories* that were sold. The son does not seem to have been aware of this when he wrote a resentful letter to *The Times*.

Clodd states in *Memories* that he spoke on the assurance of "two Oxford professors." They were Sir John Rhys and Professor F. York Powell, quite justifying authorities for any statement about Oxford affairs. I may add here that Sir E. Ray Lankester also wrote to Clodd :

There is no doubt that George Romanes suffered from mental aberration in his last illness. . . . He had serous effusion, which affected first his eyes and then his brain.

Lankester always excused himself from taking public part in these controversies. He had no time, and there was no money in it. (He lost

heavily during the war). The last part of his letter to Clodd is characteristic :

I have another boxing match on with those damned fellows who falsely claim to use the great word Humanism as an advertisement for their paltry teaching of Latin and Greek grammar. . . . We have succeeded in inducing the Government to issue at once a commission of inquiry on the Civil Service examination. This is our work. . . . If I had not been half ruined by the War, I should only be too glad to occupy my last few breaths of life in leisurely punching the heads of the hydra stupidity.

Mr. Haynes informed Clodd that Professor G. A. Smith, of Magdalen College, Oxford, was prepared to add his testimony to that of Rhys and York Powell. The point is not very important to those who know that Romanes had been a Theist before his illness and that his later words are reported to us, but I would make clear that Clodd did not make use of unauthoritative gossip or prejudice.

In the same year, 1917, Mr. Coulson Kernahan published his *Memories (In Good Company)*, and Clodd objected to one statement. He wrote :

MY DEAR KERNAHAN,

I have perforce, in doing a book on Spiritualism been keeping such Bad Company that no small change of a refreshing kind has been mine in being in your Good Company. You too have had no light privilege at feasts of stimulating friends. I make one or two small corrections. . . .

Mr. Kernahan sends me Clodd's letters, and he will not mind my interposing his own, to show how the Catholic and the supposed prejudiced and bitter critic regarded each other :

My dear friend Clodd—if I may make so bold, I have contemplated, if only as a courtesy, sending you my little book, but I said to myself, " Edward Clodd has so many books sent him, and withal he has so many memories much more interesting than any of mine, that, if I send the thing along, he will be bound (being more courageous and kindly than many of us so-called Christians) to read it. . . . If you are a Clod, I am no more than a worm, in the eyes of many so-called pious folk, and I don't think my orthodoxy, to which you allude, would keep me from feeling and saying that you are a straighter and kindlier, and more religious man, in the right sense of the word than most of us.

To this Clodd replied :

MY DEAR COULSON KERNAHAN,

I am very grateful to you for a letter the generous tone of which I know has the saving grace of sincerity. But to suggest that we are not on the same plane makes me feel hot and uneasy. One thing pleases me greatly ; your recognition of, and tribute to, the spirit in *Memories* as non-aggressive. When critics of the —— type accuse the tone as aggressive and propagandist, they show prejudice or careless reading made them speak falsely. One has not been a student of man's spiritual history for nearly sixty years without recognizing the element of good, of response to human needs, which inheres in every creed. But to the insincerity and cant which enters into much of modern so-called belief, and which lies closely on the lips of those who "never deeply felt nor clearly willed" there can be given no quarter. Your letter revives an old feeling of regret that circumstances have been, and remain, against our meetings, which are far too rare. For the chance handshake at a club dinner is no compensation for a fireside chat, when with feet on fenders, there can be full free talk, such as has been my happy privilege with those the larger number of whom are silent.

The oldest friends are the surest friends,
And the maist o' mine hae left me.

A few years later they corresponded again, about Spiritualism, but the Catholic theory that the devil was responsible for the phenomena left Clodd cold. He wrote :

I have read your book. Of course, we are as wide asunder as the Poles and, like them, we can never meet, save as a link of sincerity and sympathy keeps us in touch.

I might add here a notice of a short correspondence he had in the following year with Mr. David Gow, editor of the *Spiritualist* weekly, *Light*. In reviewing Clodd's *Question*, Mr. Gow had said that the references to Sir Oliver Lodge were rancorous. Clodd objected that this was a "silly charge" : that he had spoken of Lodge as "a kindly soul." He went on :

There is no gospel of hate in my preachments, but only plain words when combating error.

To Mr. Gow's reply he answered :

DEAR MR. GOW,

Thanks for *Light* and separate pull of your notice of *Eusapia*. You are the soul of courtesy. One day psychology may convince you that all this psychic faculty business lies within you. We are such stuff as dreams are made on. . . . I like Doyle, but he's a credulous booby.

Publishers asked for more on Spiritualism, but he declined. "I shot my bolt in the *Question*," he wrote to Dr. Yearsley, "and must leave the fools and dupes according to their folly. The longer one lives the more one feels the barrenness of controversy."

The two books had usefully occupied the later war-years, and he returned to hospitality and kindly ways. Sending Dr. Yearsley a Gissing letter (he gave away hundreds of valuable letters), he says : "I gave all the others to the last Red Cross sale, where, I was glad to hear they fetched high prices." From another letter one learns that he has heard of a fine old London bookseller who had fallen on evil days, and he privately appealed for him and got him "as fairly well cared-for as one can be in these doleful times." Morley's *Recollections* appeared in the year after *Memories*, and Clodd was, like many others, disappointed. Morley, he said, was too cold and isolated a man to be able to write well of friendships. He excuses him on the ground that the hard struggle of his early life has kept from him the mellowing of social amenities. Clodd was, in fact, not well disposed to Morley, on account of alleged ingratitude for the assistance of Cotter Morison, but I find amongst his papers this passage from a correspondent whom he describes as "one of Morley's oldest friends" :

Aristides was exiled by his fellow-citizens, who grew weary of hearing him called the just, but I know of no record of anyone who indicated himself so clearly as being the sole claimant to the epithet from his own generation (as Morley). Very rarely did Clodd entertain harsh judgments of, or listen to gossip about, his Victorian contemporaries. Such criticisms of them as those of Strachey made him warmly resentful.

Placidly but with as keen a zest of personal and social life as ever, he approached the eightieth milestone of life. At the close of 1919 he wrote to Mr. Stockley :

David, rather arbitrarily, fixed the limit of age at seventy (but, as the pupil teacher said, "Just think what a life he had led").

He lightly refers to monkey-glands and says that he wants no rejuvenation. He is well content with the fourscore years he has had. He hopes only that he will not begin to decay at the top. He is still full of humour, and he sends Stockley a genuine and unpublished babu letter which he has received from a tea-planter in Siam :

HONOURED SIR AND FATHER,

Would you show of your great bounty to this poor worm ? I have fallen on evil days. My

brother has died and left me his family to maintain, comprising four adults and five adulteresses . . .

Clodd adds that Sir Mortimer Durand assured him that once, when he was in service in the East, he received from a babu a letter which began "Honoured Enormity." To Mr. Haynes about the same date he wrote, apropos of the difficulties of the bishops :

Why don't the lot of them agree to file a petition in Bankruptcy and give you the job ! They haven't got a spiritual asset worth a damn and certainly no "good will" to dispose of.

He was at this time indignant as the bishops seemed to him to be trying to get some advantage out of the War. He met Dean Inge at this time, and used to tell his friends how the Christian minister admitted that he would much rather live in Pagan Athens than in Christian Chicago. Sir Arthur Keith, to whom he pointed out a slip in his latest book, wrote him :

DEAR MR. CLODD,

I'm very much indebted to you. I have the best faculty of making errors of any man I know. Sir W. Lawrence long before 1843 had dropped anthropology and taken to eyes. He thought anthropology was hot and dangerous

stuff in his maturer years. Lawrence was a great man, but he had not a great man's courage.

Lawrence had been deprived of the copyright of his book by Lord Eldon on the ground that it contradicted Scripture, and he had strongly urged Huxley not to publish his *Man's Place in Nature*, saying that it would ruin him.

In the spring of 1920 Clodd and his wife were the guests of Mrs. Holman-Hunt in Rome. "Nearing my eightieth milestone," he wrote to Nevinson, "one can't expect to travel much ere the bourne whence no traveller returns is reached. Happily I am not at the stage of Hesiod's three-footed men." Mr. Haynes tells me that even in these late years Clodd often walked two miles with him along the beach. He had a pleasant and recuperative holiday in Italy and returned wondering how much of a ninth decade of life there would be for him.

CHAPTER X

THE NINTH DECADE

Surely it is the passing of one of the truest, kindest, most vitally alive spirits that ever breathed.

Prof. SELWYN IMAGE (on Clodd's death).

WHAT impresses one most in a general way after surveying the memorials of the ninth decade, which he nearly completed, of the life of Edward Clodd is the persistence of the feeling of enjoyment of life yet, the complete lack of the selfishness which often accompanies so advanced an age. He had remarkably good health until 1924, and still for several years after that the long letters to intimate friends which he loved to write—often ten or twelve pages—are full of fun. Few do not contain a new story or limerick ; all show the kindest concern about the condition of his ageing friends and the progress of their children. Still, Mrs. Clodd tells me, he would repeat in intimate talk, "I am a glutton for life." Death, he neither feared nor pretended to welcome. "Grateful to whatever god there be to find myself still here," he writes at the head of

his Diary for 1920. He still entertains what one might call his academic pessimism, but it means little more than that the ultimate uplift of the race is very much more distant than he had thought in his youth. I doubt if any biographer ever handled so playful and cheerful a collection of letters written by a man in the eighties as those of Clodd. But they shall tell themselves to what serenity, dignity, and benignity of age his Epicurean philosophy had led.

A feature of this last period of his life was that he read with peculiar fondness old essayists like Montaigne. Those who know only the superficial estimate of Montaigne may suspect a tinge of cynical feeling here, but Clodd expressly says that they help to keep him fresh ; they enable him, he tells Stockley, "to look at life through a young man's eyes." Cicero and Seneca also were favourites, and on the evening of his eightieth birthday he read once more Cicero's *Old Age*. He kept a remarkable freshness and propriety of sentiment. He warmly resented instances of cruelty, to men or animals, and he went out of his way to perform acts of benevolence, often insisting that his kindness should remain secret.

At the same time he preserved his vigour of mind and his interest in all the cultural issues of the day. In the summer of 1920 he wrote to

Professor H. E. Armstrong, who was now one of his oldest and dearest friends :

MY DEAR ARMSTRONG,

I'm very glad to hear that your walking power is becoming normal. You haven't any warrant for other than content if you can do eight to nine miles a day. Three tire me, but then I have just passed my eightieth milestone. . . . I assume that you didn't get to the British Association meeting. None the less you will have known what went on there. I gather that some discussion as to solar radiant energy took place. Are you seeing your way clearer towards sources of supply of energy when coal, oil, and wood are used up? Can atomic energy be captured?

Some months later he writes to Armstrong in terms which suggest his own philosophical position at this time. He has been reading (and "much enjoyed," he told Yearsley) Hugh Elliot's *Modern Science and Materialism*, which is a defence of Materialism against the superficial critics who were saying that recent progress in science had discredited it. To Professor Armstrong Clodd wrote :

Elliot spoke of his good fortune in finding you so near and called you a "mighty materialist of

the most undiluted character." Quite true. Elliot is a brilliant fellow and a very clear-headed thinker. I value all that he writes. He was to have come here for the week-end with Sir Brian Donkin but was prevented. . . . I have kept the cutting on Stonehenge. I went for Lockyer some years ago, and, as he happened to be a fellow-guest of mine at dear old Rhy's at Jesus College, Oxford, and my review (luckily unsigned) had just appeared, I had some fun, mixed with fear, because he had brought his book on Stonehenge as a present to Rhys and insisted on reading some pages of it. . . . The Agenda paper of the British Association is dull reading. There are no subjects that move me keenly, and Frazer, who would have interested me, tells me that he has resigned the chair of the Anthropological Section. . . . I wish that I knew of some book on the origin of metals ; I mean, their discovery and earliest application. . . . How little seems discoverable.

He even tried, though he was no mathematician, to master Relativity, but, of course, he failed.

He wrote to a friend :

I agree with a profane friend who said that so long as he had time to dress and space to eat, he did not care a damn about the doings of light-vibrations and fourth dimensions.

To Dr. Yearsley he complained that there were no longer exponents of new scientific truths as there had been in his own earlier years :

I am, like Milton's angels, "in wandering mazes lost," having no mathematical faculty. How one sighs for a Huxley to make the thing luminous ! For when these moderns seek to make the theory of light in a warped space clear, they but add to the darkness. The men who know can't write : the men who can write don't know.

We begin to perceive the exaggerations of age.

I have already told how in his eighty-first year he delivered two lectures on Occultism at the Royal Institution. He could not, he told Stockley, resist the offer of "the privilege of again standing on a floor trodden by Huxley, Tyndall, and other Masters in the Scientific Israel," though a growing weakness of the eyes now prevents him from "working at long stretches." But he still writes very long and frequent letters, generally ending with stories which often verge on the category called naughty or at least frivolous ; as when he tells a correspondent that he has heard of a boy who, being taken to church by his mother, said, " Don't you think, mum, that we worry God a good deal too much ? "

In expressing his regret to Stockley that he cannot travel in comfort and see his friends more, he says :

There is a story of Lytton Bulwer, that he wrote to his absent wife lamenting his Solitude. The suspecting wife pounced upon him in his chambers at the Albany and found Solitude, in diaphanous dress, sitting on his knee.

To Yearsley he tells with much joy a story which, he hears, the local Catholic priest tells his friends. A lady, finding that a fellow-passenger in the train is about to go to Ireland, begs him not to go as it is "very damp and cold and full of Catholics." The man replied :

Madam, take an old man's advice : go to hell. It's delightfully warm and very dry, and there are no Catholics there.

At his seventieth birthday he had written in his Diary :

Well, I'm seventy, and fresh in body and mind and as keen as ever on my love of reading, and hope to finish one or two things before I die. Life has been full of the unexpected.

He seemed, to his surprise, as fresh and keen as ever on his eightieth birthday. He wrote playfully to Haynes :

I suppose the date is correct but, though present at the birth, I can tender no evidence in support.

Thomas Hardy had, in congratulating him, pleased him by strongly approving his campaign against Spiritualism. He said :

Our ancestors used to burn their mediums, or witches as they were then called ; but we reward them—a more humane, though more mischievous, treatment.

Clodd replied that he had found that there was after all some use in superstition. A friend who employed native labour in New Guinea had a glass eye, and, when he was compelled to be absent, he took the eye out and stuck it on a pole overlooking the workers, with very useful effect.

Those who cannot understand why he could not always take this lenient view of what he called superstitions naturally do not realise how during several decades he collected, from all sources and all parts of the world, facts which do not find their way, as a rule, into the daily Press. In regard to the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, for instance, a clergyman told him that an English medical man, a personal friend of his, was one day in a chemist's shop at

Naples when a messenger from the church came in and cynically asked for "the usual mixture": a mixture of ox-bile and sulphate of soda, to make the blood. Holman-Hunt told him another story of miracles. He was at Jerusalem, and a Protestant blacksmith there assured him that the Greek priests of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre one day sent him, for repair, the candlestick which was used in the ceremony of the miraculous descent of the Holy Fire. The spring was broken in the candlestick, and they chose the Protestant to mend it. Clodd had, as was natural, a selective eye for such material, and those who have not would be disturbed if they read the immense amount of repellent facts about religion which he gathered from history and contemporary life.

Yet in the whole range of his works and articles one finds very little with which a moderate religious person would quarrel. In January, 1921, Mr. Harold Begbie, who was then mystifying the public with his clever, sometimes brilliant, "Gentleman with the Duster" criticisms of contemporary life, had the poor taste to perpetrate this passage in one of his articles:

The cold-blooded and unimaginative hatred of the Christian faith which brings almost a tepid glow to the dull work of Mr. J. M. Robertson, or the restless cat-like antagonism which

blinks its small green eyes in the pages of Mr. Edward Clodd . . .

The description of Clodd's writings is too ludicrous to be called outrageous. Clodd wrote to Begbie, whom he rather admired :

I am surprised to find that a gentleman of your intelligence and insight should be among those who, in somewhat rude fashion, pass judgment on those whose authentic writings they take not the trouble to understand.

He protested once more that he was not antagonistic to religion. Mr. Begbie apologized and promised to make some amends in a forthcoming article. Clodd at once accepted the apology as genuine, and in letters to his friends he treats the whole thing as a momentary lapse from good taste ; but he could not help reflecting how readily these lapses were admitted in much of the Press when they bore upon critics of religion.

A few years later he had another painful illustration of the favour shown to beliefs which not only he, but admittedly the majority of cultivated people, if not to-day the majority of the nation, regard as unsound. He was for several years concerned about the popularity of psycho-analysis. One might suspect that at his age he was not likely to form a very penetrating

judgment on these new ideas, but he was engaged all the time in correspondence on the subject with such capable medical experts as Sir Brian Donkin, Dr. Macleod Yearsley, and Surgeon-General (now Vice-Admiral) Beadnell. The particular offence was that the chief English champion of psycho-analysis, Dr. Ernest Jones, who would hardly otherwise be regarded as a scientific authority, was in 1924 permitted to defend psycho-analysis in the *Journal* of the Royal Anthropological Institute. Clodd wrote to the secretary, who was (he says) in favour of the new theory, and claimed the right to reply in the *Journal*. The secretary replied, in the name of the executive, that no controversial matter could be admitted to the *Journal*, and that any contribution which Clodd cared to send would be considered on its merits. Clodd replied :

SIR,

I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 9th inst., received yesterday. I can only describe it as disingenuous. Apart from your undertaking only to "consider" whether any answer to Jones's paper should be published in the *Journal* of the Institute, you impose conditions as to what shall be the character of such replies which compel me to construe what you say as a refusal. . . . Were I a younger man, I should bring the matter

before the Fellows of the Institute at the next annual meeting. But my age will secure your immunity.

It is difficult to keep the general public properly informed on such matters. From a private and confidential letter to Clodd from a distinguished medical man, which he could not have used then and I cannot use now, it seems that there were unpleasant facts, unknown to English psycho-analysts themselves, that gave a legitimate edge to Clodd's attacks. It was not merely that, rightly or wrongly, he regarded psycho-analysis as one more symptom of the relaxation of intellectual grip which he seemed to find in the new generation since the war. He flung himself also into the controversy about telepathy, which seemed to him another symptom of decay, and wrote strong letters on all new or old propaganda which he thought injurious to either the mind or morals of the public.

This lingering of harmful superstition and the increase in the horrors of warfare were the chief reasons why he had to the end his view that "if you scratch the epiderm of the civilized man, you find the barbarian in the derm." Notice the precision of his scientific language. He does not say "savage" but "barbarian": the phase between savagery and civilization. He, in fact,

held that his was an entirely scientific conception of human nature, not in the least the common pessimism of advancing age. If I may venture upon a mildly critical comment, as he chiefly had Wells and myself in mind when he grumbled about unscientific optimists, he was misled on one point simply because anthropology had not, at least in his mature years, reached a quite correct view of human evolution. Thirty years ago it was quite common even for the expert to assume that one or two million years of savagery, in the moral sense, had preceded the few thousand years of civilization. We now know—at least I could quote very weighty support for this view—that the phase of the bloody savage came quite late in human evolution (at the hunting stage) and had been preceded by millions of years of such peaceful family and village life as the lowest peoples of the earth still exhibit. He does not seem to have realized this development of pre-historic science, or it might have saved him much mental discomfort.

For he was never a consistent or comfortable pessimist. He had, in the first place, not the temperament of a gloomy prophet. Writing to Dr. Yearsley in 1921, he says :

I am a pessimist in theory, an optimist in practice, so, as Johnson's philosopher-friend

said, "Cheerfulness will come breaking in." But I want people to have a good time now, and I don't care a damn for posterity and the Utopias which Wells and McCabe prophesy. As Huxley said: "What satisfaction could Eohippus derive from being told that a million years hence his descendant would win the Derby?" The War has made the world dirtier, not cleaner.

It need not be said that we must not see more than an exaggerated expression in his impulsive "don't care a damn for posterity." It means merely that it brings little relief to the suffering millions of to-day to believe that some centuries hence the world will be greatly improved.

It disturbed him, too, that evolution, of which he was so stout a champion, is a gospel of social as well as other progress. George Whale urged this point on him. "Do not let us despair of mankind altogether," he wrote. But Clodd did not despair of the future so much as complain that it was, if one may say so, so very future, and the present so very bad. The four great wars he had seen in twenty years (the Spanish-American, South African, Russo-Japanese, and European) were chiefly responsible. He found himself attracted to pessimistic writers like Bertrand Russell, Dean Inge and Professor Schiller. He was pleased when he read Professor Carveth

Read's *Man and his Superstitions* and learned that there has been no progress and there is "more hatred in the world than has ever been known." Various experts on prehistoric man, especially American—he did not know American conditions well enough to know the peculiar reason of this development—were saying ten to twenty years ago that the art and the skulls of the men of twenty thousand years ago showed that there had been no progress in quality of brain since those days. This was "science" and Clodd flung it sturdily, at times almost offensively, at the head of Mr. Wells. In the *Sunday Times* of April 11th, 1921, he wrote :

Physically man has remained unchanged since the Stone Age. There is no evidence that our brains are superior to the remarkable Cro-Magnon people. . . . And what guarantee have we that our civilization, with all its hideous engines of destruction, will not be added to the vast rubbish heaps which witness to the decline and fall of empires ? To-day all the forces of disintegration are in full play. Of moral advance, whereon Mr. Wells's scheme must rest, there is no proof whatever anywhere. . . .

And so on. There were much younger men who were saying the same things, and all of us are

painfully conscious of the facts of contemporary life on which this darker view is based.

But I desire only to explain that the mingling of pessimism and cheerfulness in the letters of this period do not indicate either any failure of Clodd's philosophy of life or any diminution of mental vitality. I may now proceed with a selection of the letters that so vividly reflect his mind and personality in the ninth decade of his life. To Morley Roberts he wrote in 1921 :

How does your article on the " Physiology of Consciousness " remove the difficulty one has in making the passage from the physics of the brain to the correlated facts of consciousness ? You may discover all the links in the chain of physico-chemical metabolism and yet be no nearer to these. One makes no concessions to the bogus Vitalism in the conviction that the mechanism, however completely understood, leaves the fundamental mystery of life unsolved.

In various letters he shows that, while he was attracted to the materialism of Hugh Elliot, he remained to the end a staunch disciple of the Agnosticism of Huxley and Tyndall. In another letter to Morley Roberts he insists that science has thrown no light on the whence, why, and whither of things. To Mr. Stockley he complained playfully that people dubbed him a

materialist and then locked up their spoons and kept a vigilant eye on their wives. He adds :

It is not of the slightest importance whether you speak of matter in terms of mind or vice versa, we are in the presence of insoluble mysteries, and these science makes no pretence to solve—she leaves that to priests and parsons.

He tells Professor Armstrong that he has received a letter from some religious person who is eager to prepare him fitly for death. The letter, he is told, must be taken as coming direct from God. "He writes a poor hand," Clodd reflects. Then he goes on to grumble about J. B. S. Haldane's optimism in his fine essay *Dædalus* and ends with the inevitable humorous story.

In this year, 1923, he felt for a time that he was moving into the penumbra. He suffered from eczema, and lost further old friends : Maurice Hewlett, Seccombe, and a cousin whom he had greatly esteemed. "The old man with the scythe keeps busy," he wrote to George Whale. But by the summer he was as full of intellectual interest as ever. Professor Elliot Smith's theory of the migration of culture was being discussed and Clodd made a close study of the literature. Much as he esteemed Professor Elliot Smith in many ways, he showed his mental elasticity by refusing to follow the theory.

He closely watched also the Anglo-Catholic development. "That rabbit-brained Bishop of — is at the back of it," he wrote. A new work on *Primitive Mentality* sets him off on his familiar lines :

It seems to me that this mysticism is the outcome of belief in the invisible *Mana* ; wherein primitive and civilized are one. The tendency of the vast majority of mankind is to fall back upon the supernatural. E.G. : *The Times*' leader on the Japan earthquake starts with an "inscrutable decree of Providence" which is on the savage plane of belief in *Mana*.

Yet a letter to Mr. Stockley at the same time begins :

Perhaps you haven't heard Smith minor's latest howler. His answer to the question, "What are sins of omission?" was this : They are sins that you ought to have done and didn't do. If for sins you substitute neglected duties, it reads all right. For there may be charge of neglect, since I see that more than three months have passed since I wrote to you at any length . . . Then the cheerful letter runs to twelve pages.

The year 1924 opened with so serious an attack of influenza and bronchitis that for a time it seemed doubtful if he would recover. "You won't keep me all day in a room where I can't

see the sea?" he asked his wife, who cared for him devotedly in these illnesses. But by the beginning of February he was—though through the pen of Mrs. Clodd at first—again writing cheerfully to his friends. To George Whale :

MY DEAR WHALE,

Only a heart full of love could have inspired your beautiful letter, and no word can adequately express my thanks for it. As Lamb says, "I love this green earth," and the friends who walk thereon make it more sacred to me. I have been very ill, but, thanks to the most loving care a man can have from his wife and daughter, am making up leeway and believe that I shall once more be able to avail myself of your skill when I sail the *Lotus*. . . .

A week later he writes to Whale :

I note your junketings. Keep up the spirit of Omar, and "gather ye roses while ye may"—and keep clear of bronchitis.

Before the end of February he scribbles in pencil to his friend :

The essayists, from Montaigne to Birrell, are my staple diet, and to these I add some of Matthew Arnold's poetry, charged as it is with sanity and consolations. Is there anything more

all-inclusive than "Dover Beach" and "Empedocles on Etna"? When you are ill all values alter, and one clings to the philosophy which these poems embody.

By March 7th he has progressed from the pencil to the pen stage and is very cheerful. "People don't die here unless they want to," he quotes a local boatsman. Follows a keen discussion of anthropological problems, and the long letter ends in limericks. He so far recovered that in May he went up to town, to stay with Whale and attend the R.P.A. dinner. The cold winds still plagued him at Aldeburgh—"Boreas, I loved thee once and now I hate thee," he says—but with the summer he seemed to get remarkably well. He sailed the Alde and played with his grandchildren.

He was once more deeply interested in the literature and intellectual movements of the hour. Psycho-analysis was the latest fad, and he, as far as he studied it, loathed it, chiefly because of the sexual element. Sir J. Chrichton Browne, he said, assured him that Freud was "a dangerous lunatic." Naturally he followed the curious movement which began about that time to make out that science was "returning to spiritual realities." He remembered there were one or two professors, who were hailed as "the new voice of science," saying much the same thing

thirty years earlier. "A parson turned inside out," he called the most aggressive of them. To Professor Armstrong he wrote, commenting on a recent lecture of his :

Therein is a moving plea for what science has done in revealing the wonder and beauty of the universe, compared with the crudities and futilities wherein theology has embodied creeds that have no correspondence to realities. The items of personal experience add to the interest. Are your ideals ever to have fruitage? Baffled by obscurantists and indifferentists, save where these last-named see money and titles in the thing they make play with. Yours is a *vox clamantis in deserto*.

He had again been distressed by losses. Massingham died, and reflecting on his career did not cheer Clodd. He wrote :

In many ways his career is a record of noble struggle for hopeless causes, and—told me that they both felt that they had spent their strength for naught. The intrusion of the ideal into politics must fail.

More disturbing was the death of William Archer. In his later years Archer had been induced to write for the Rationalist Association, and Clodd had particularly welcomed his work. After

Archer's death, Gilbert Murray caused some dismay by revealing that in his last years Archer in effect embraced the Spiritualist creed. It did not surprise those of us who remembered how years before Archer had said in a Sunday paper that there was "a certain amount of experimental evidence for the persistence of consciousness after death that cannot be ignored," but Clodd, who had entered a decisive negative in the same column, had forgotten it. He now declared that Archer was "a dear fellow," but "had not a scientific mind."

In 1925 he seemed to have taken a new lease of life. One selected from the batch of long letters he wrote to Whale and Stockley gives a curious illustration of his sprightliness of mind at the age of nearly eighty-five.

MY DEAR WHALE,

Your letters are always lively and interesting—mirrors of yourself—but I have to confess that I finished yours of the 1st inst., with keen disappointment. You refer to the forthcoming dinner (of the Rationalist Press Association), but you are silent as to what follows that and the speeches. Imagination—always feeble—fails to help me in envisaging that part in the Terpsichorean frolics when I assume that you, as Chairman of the R.P.A., will be Master of the Revels.

I try to envisage your pirouetting with your arm round the waist of Mrs. —, selecting on Darwinian principles the fittest to pair together, you intoxicate in the whirl of the jazz dance, since I hear that the fox-trot is out of fashion, and Sir Roger de Coverley and Sellington Round are obsolete, but there will be compensation at least for me to look on, if you unwisely compel me to hear the chimes at midnight.

He felt it the more acutely when Whale died suddenly in the chair at the dinner he had so frivolously forecast. Doctors had warned Mr. Whale that his heart would permit no exertion, yet he made a long speech, and one noticed that he was straining to reach his usual high level of after-dinner oratory. It was the last dinner Clodd and I ever attended. The tragic death affected him profoundly. "Sometimes two friends are one, and this is applicable to Whale and myself," he said in the memorial volume which he and Mrs. Whale and Clement Shorter edited. Next, Shorter passed away, and Clodd suffered poignantly. Shorter, he said, was a man who had "oozed kindness at every pore," and he, Whale, and Clodd had formed "a trinity of friendship." Yet his letters were still generally cheerful and he was an active citizen of the planet. In November, 1925, he heard that there

was a League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports, and he wrote to the secretary :

DEAR SIR,

Your crusade against the cruelty involved in "sport" has my full sympathy, in humble token of which herein is P.O. for 20s. I feel some doubt whether your campaign may not fail because it covers so wide a field, as your pamphlets indicate. The primitive passion for hunting and the resulting suffering are ineradicable.

To Mr. Nevinson, acknowledging his latest book, he writes :

It is not a book of which one can say, I have enjoyed it. The bulk of its contents are too saddening to give that quality to its narrative. For it emphasizes the reflection as to whether on the whole the race has gained by advance on the simian stage. The cause has been the power of man's imagination, which has enabled him to devise cruelties and tortures that no animal "below" him can invent.

He agrees with Dean Inge—once more—that man "is a self-sacrificing hero and a bloodthirsty savage." But this is by no means his permanent mood. His humour flashes in a letter to Mr.

Haynes about the publication of a cheap reprint of his *Memories* :

It is only a reprint from old plates and is entirely ——'s speculation. He urged it and I agreed, waiving all question of royalties, so that, as Douglas Jerrold put it, his kindness is unremitting.

Full of life, too, is a letter of November, 1926, to Professor Spooner :

DEAR PROFESSOR SPOONER,

There is a whiff of Auld Lang Syne in your kind letter and the accompanying story of our old friend's romantic career, which you tell so clearly and sympathetically. Hughes (Professor D. E. Hughes, F.R.S.) has never properly come to his own as the pioneer of discoveries which can be said to have revolutionized our theories of cosmic energies, with results that even he perhaps could never have foreseen. His humility and self-effacingness made him a unique type, wellnigh extinct in this age of self-advertisement with an eye on the dollar. . . .

Clodd had been one of the executors, and with Major Adams he had arranged a funeral service in the Langham Place Chapel, which was, Professor Spooner says, "probably the most notable one ever held in that famous building."

He had still a lively correspondence on various shades of occultism with Dr. Macleod Yearsley, Rear-Admiral Beadnell, Sir Brian Donkin and others, but I need give only a few letters which reflect his personality in these years of increasing illness. He had a severe illness in the spring of 1927. A month or two later he writes to a neighbour :

DEAR PERCY CLARK,

Many thanks for the copy of Mrs. Paterson's poem on your garden, which I am glad to keep. Its value lies in what the old writers called the "conceits"—the happy ingathering of "infinite riches in a little room." Each line holds a picture in itself: the garden and its varying outlook defile before you, while, to change the figure, each line throbs with music. . . .

To another neighbour, a few months later, who has sent him a Catholic pamphlet on Spiritualism :

MY DEAR SHELDRIK,

Thanks for loan of pamphlet herewith. Poor light and eyes and rather small type combine to compel only cursory reading. But one knows pretty well where the Roman Catholics stand. . . .

But I will give only the last three letters which he wrote, before the final stroke cut him off from communication with the friends who still survived. He was now nearly eighty-eight years

old and had had several severe illnesses. His illness in 1924 had almost been fatal, and the terrible shock of Whale's death in the following year—he was staying with the Whales and had gone to the fateful dinner with them—had brought on another severe illness, while in 1927 there were new and alarming symptoms, a slight stroke and temporary aphasia. The letters I have quoted show that he again recovered his mental vigour, and the following letters must in the circumstances seem remarkable. To Mr. Haynes he wrote (or dictated, as Mrs. Clodd typed) on January 26th, 1928, an acute discussion of mysticism, of which he quotes and criticizes various definitions. He goes on :

Here we are face to face with phenomena which, being wholly experiential, cannot be submitted to experiment. Nor is the subject one for argument ; nor are we helped if we put on inquiry the mental states and processes which lead to mysticism. I assume that the earliest step is concentration leading to meditation and introspection ; in other words, the emotions play the essential part to the neglect of the reasoning faculties. Here is a region in which feeling has full play with its voices, visions, and rhapsodies on the lower plane, and, on the higher plane, the ecstatic condition to which the great mystics have

risen. . . . Mysticism has its attractive side in the independence of creed and race, with resulting growth of spiritual fellowship, but it seems to me that fundamentally it is anti-social. Its tendency is aloofness or isolation from common things and the demands which the common life makes upon us. I suppose it is temperamental, but it leaves me cold. . . . All knowledge comes from sense-impressions, and these bring inexhaustible material for wonder and speculation. The mystic and the psychologist are poles asunder, and so they will remain until the crack of doom.

He ends, as commonly, in lighter vein. The discussion reminds him of this verse which he has read somewhere :

By day and night he besieged the Almighty
With matters that seemed of great worth ;
So his wife took in sewing to keep things a-going
While he superintended the earth.

And he tells how a correspondent has asked him why he, in his great reverence for Hardy, had not begged a leg or an arm to bury in Aldeburgh churchyard.

On May 1st he wrote, to Morley Roberts, his last letter, in very shaky handsript. His eyes

troubled him, and his physical health was poor, but the mind seems vigorous enough :

MY DEAR ROBERTS,

You have the most versatile mind that was ever evolved from primitive protoplasm. Novelist, playwright, poet, painter, pathologist—was there ever such diversity ? Then there are the records of your travels, with the story of your ups and downs, and the pluck that carried you through, despite illusions and heaps of discomfort. . . . I got well through the past trying winter, immune from any severe cold, but I find old age telling on me very heavily. . . .

Were you not shocked at the disregard of Hardy's intentions ? He was a son of the soil, and in Wessex soil he should have been buried. It was a scandal to cut out the heart from the body and to bury his ashes in the Abbey, and then to read the Christian burial service over them. The whole spirit of his work—prose and poetry—was an indictment against that "Vast Imbecillity," as he called the Being against whom his charges were levelled.

He was by this time aware that Hardy had for some years attended church. He was "staggered," as Hardy had never given him the least hint of change of thought, and, when he wrote to ask him about it, Hardy made no reply.

Clodd's final word is not flattering to his old friend.

For his part he died in the Epicurean faith which had for fifty years inspired so esteemed and well-ordered a life. We have only one further word of his, and it tells of a last act of kindness and, curiously enough, of literary work. Major Cooper, a Suffolk neighbour, had asked him to write a Foreword to, and read the proofs of, his *Suffolk Coast Garland*. It seems that Clodd complied. Major Cooper sends me a letter written to him by Mrs. Clodd on May 16th for her husband :

DEAR MR. COOPER,

When the proofs arrived, I was suffering from eye trouble, from which I am not yet free. I therefore had to draw on my wife for help in putting together the Foreword now sent, which I hope you will find expressive, briefly and adequately, of the contents of the book. It is to our great advantage that you should have rescued such a mass of interesting material. It well deserves to be a great success.

It was nearly seventy years since he had first taken to the pen. But nature had been over-generous. There followed the trouble which nearly deprived him of the use of eyes and speech for more than a year and a half. He never lost

his lucidity of mind, so that all that he had asked of death was granted ; it did not begin from the top. He bore the long trial with patience and serenity, and still loved to see a friend sit by the bed so that he could touch his hand. In the early months of 1930 he rallied surprisingly and could walk. It surprised him into cheerfulness. But his old enemy, bronchial asthma, returned, and one Sunday, which had been spent cheerily with friends, the doctor had to be summoned. "Death?" asked Clodd calmly. He understood that it was grave, but he lingered for a week. "I die, I die," he said quietly, twenty minutes before the end. He died serenely on March 16th, 1930, in full consciousness. Fine and brave pagan that he was, he had ordered that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered on the sea he had loved. The service, conducted by Mr. J. F. Green, with addresses by Professor Armstrong and Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, was held at Ipswich Crematorium on March 20th, and in the evening a boat rowed out beyond the outer shoal, opposite Strafford House, with the ashes. The casket was broken, and the ashes were poured reverently upon the water. His literary remains were purchased by Lord Brotherton and presented to Leeds University, where, in a few years, they will rest with those of many other authors in a magnificent mausoleum.

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